

The
**STRANGELAND
BIRD LIFE**

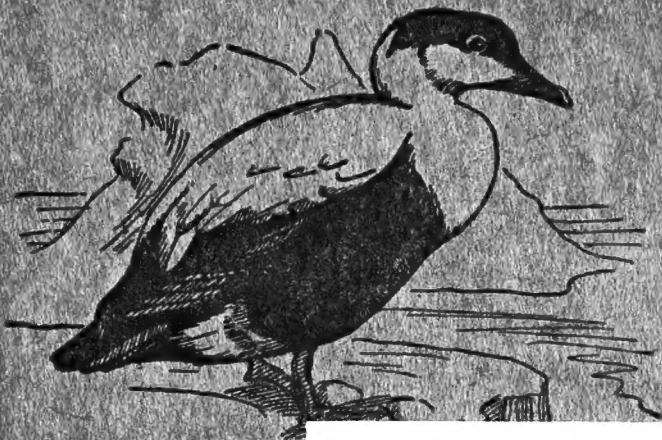
*By
Roy J. Snell*



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*Illustrated By
Cobb X. Shinn*

The Story Book of Antarctic Birds



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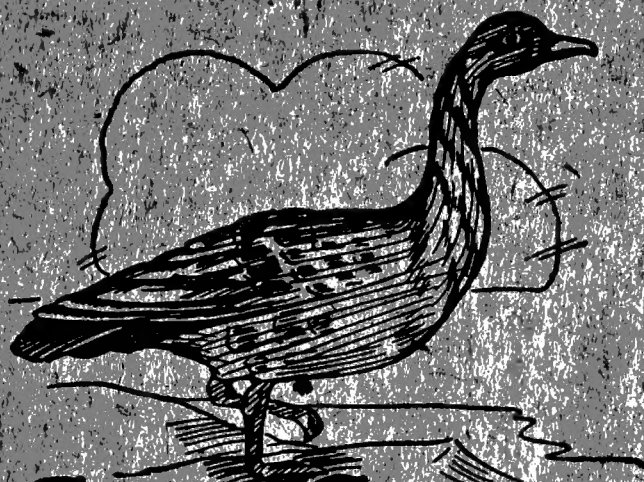
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Penguin



Stormy Petrel



Grey Goose

Emperor



Penguin



Gull



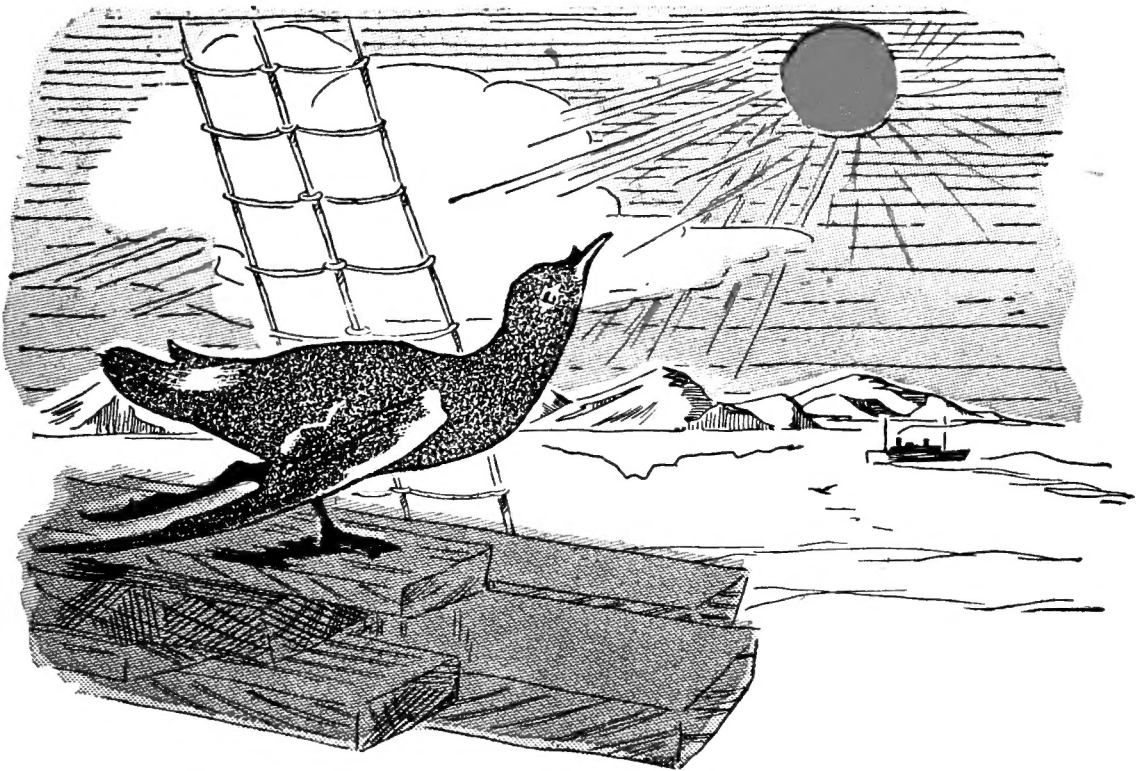
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The Strangeland Bird Life

The Book of Antarctic Birds



"Where Am I?" Said Stormy, Stretching Himself

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

—Mrs. C. E. Alexander.

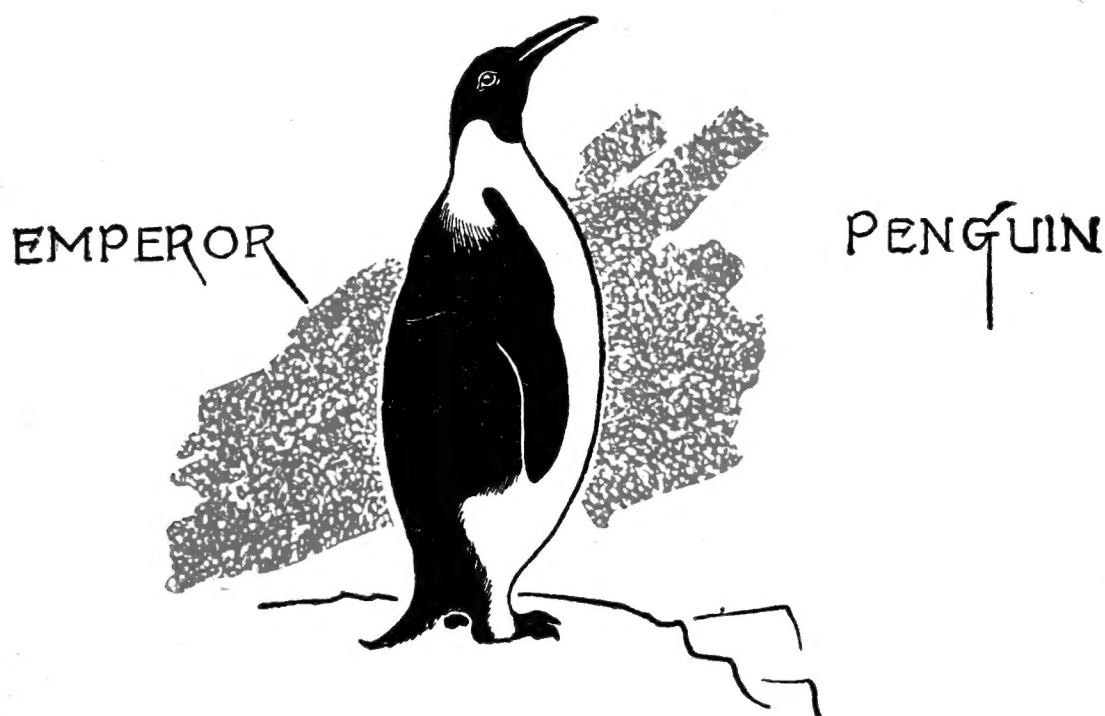


*They Looked a Very Bold and Imposing Company
From Story to Catch Sheathbill*

The **STRANGELAND BIRD LIFE**

THE BOOK OF ANTARCTIC BIRDS

By Roy J. Snell
AUTHOR OF NORTHLAND BIRDLIFE,
DINNER THAT WAS ALWAYS THERE,
LITTLE BOY FRANCE, ETC.



ILLUSTRATED BY
Cobb X. Shinn

PUBLISHERS

JUST RIGHT BOOKS
ALBERT WHITMAN COMPANY
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

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ROY J. SNELL'S OTHER TITLES

THE DINNER THAT WAS
ALWAYS THERE
LITTLE BOY FRANCE
THE LITTLE RED
AUTO PONY



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CONTENTS



There's Nothing the Penguin Folks Like Better Than Swimming

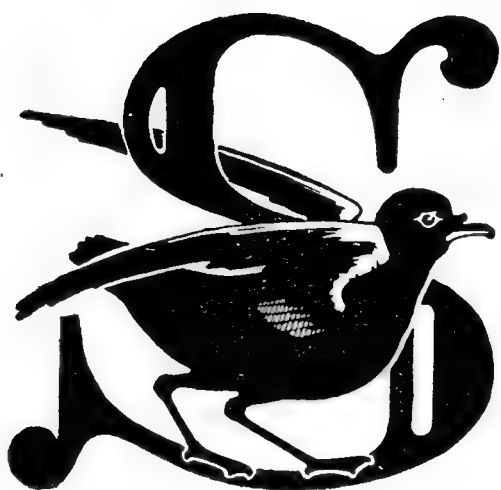
	Page
STORMY PETREL	7
STORMY PETREL LOST.....	14
STORMY AT THE BIG CANAL.....	18
GOING SOUTH INTO THE COLD.....	26
HUSKIE, AN OLD FRIEND.....	33
PENGUIN VILLAGE	43
THE SNOW STORM.....	52
ARRIVAL OF THE ADELIE PENGUINS.....	60
THE POLICEWOMAN	68
SHEATHBILL, THE ROBBER.....	76
TO CATCH SHEATHBILL	85
INTO THE ROBBER'S DEN.....	91
THE STRANGE MOTHERS.....	98
THE SEA LEOPARD.....	105
OLD GIANT WHALE.....	112
SAFE AT HOME.....	118
TO MIGRATE HOME.....	123



*"Watch Your Step," Shouted Stormy
From Story Old Giant Whale*

The
STRANGELAND
BIRD LIFE
THE BOOK OF ANTARCTIC BIRDS

STORMY PETREL



STORMY PETREL stood first on one foot, then on the other. He cocked his head on one side, the better to catch the howl of the wind, then closed one eye and squinted away at the whirling snow which swept by the door step to his cavern in the sea's rocky cliff. Stormy Petrel has been called the tramp among the birds of the sea. Whether he would answer to the name I cannot tell. This much he would admit, and I don't doubt he'd be a bit

proud of it—that is, he is a wanderer. Just at this moment he was going dreamily over the journeys he had taken across the wild and restless sea. The cold and rock-bound coast of Greenland, the stormy English channel, the balmy southern isles—all these and many more passed before his vision. O yes, Stormy was a traveler; and tramp or no tramp, he wasn't such a bad bird, after all. He never robbed the homes of his comrades. Oh, he might take a bite to eat now and then, but that was customary, you know. Stormy never looked into windows at night or jumped out from bushes to frighten little children, and he never prowled about homes when the men folks were gone, so you may well guess he was a very model sort of tramp, if tramp he were at all.

But Stormy was troubled just this moment. Here he was, far, far to the north in Alaska. Here he had camped during the short summer,



I'll Just Oil Up My Wings and Sail Away

and a very delightful time he had made of it, too. For two long months there had been no nights at all, and even when the sun did begin to set it stayed down only a very short time, and only served to make the sunlight and twilight the more delightful. But now, so very early, it seemed to Stormy, here was a snow-storm whirling before his door, and the wind singing wild songs of winter and famine!

"I'll just oil up and sail away the moment it stops," he said to himself, beginning at once to prepare for his departure.

“I’ll stop on my way south at Happy Island. I think some of my old friends, Specks, the Eider Duck, or Little Baby Laughing Loon, or Mrs. Gray Goose will be there, and if they are I shall be certain of a fine dinner of shrimp and clam chowder. How good some of that chowder would taste right at this moment!”

But when Stormy arrived at the island a few days later he found not a creature there to greet him. All the beds in all the homes were mussed and some of them were all damp from the spray that had blown in from the terrible storm. The doors of the Puffin homes were blocked with snow, and there was not a scrap of anything left to eat. Stormy suspected Little White Fox and the long-nosed Mice children of having looted the village when the people had gone away. In this being alone, Stormy felt the cold wind blow through his thin jacket all



He Found Not a Person There To Greet Him

the more keenly for the lack of friends and food. It's all very well to be a wanderer when the sun is shining and when you are among people, but when you are on a desert island and the wind is howling mournfully about you, it is very different. Very different, indeed!

"Next year I'll settle down somewhere," said Stormy to himself, "and I'll stop this roving life. If I can find a real bird town somewhere and find steady work of some kind, I will stay there."

But just then he spied something down on the beach which warmed his heart. He could look right into Big White Bear's kitchen, and as usual there was a great quantity of cold meat waiting for the next fellow who came along. The next fellow this time was Stormy Petrel, and when he had eaten his fill he didn't feel nearly so lonesome nor half so cold. And when, three days later, as he wheeled along before a wild whirling storm and was passing through the straits which separate the Old World from the New, he sighted a whaling schooner laden with rich ivory, skins, and tons and tons of whale-bone, making its way to the southward.

He made haste to ascend and catch his breath in the lee of the sheltering whaler. Right then he forgot all about his fine plans, for if there is anything a member of the wandering Petrel tribe likes better than any other, it is to sail along day after day, in the wake of some great steamer or schooner. Every day the



He Sighted a Whaling Schooner

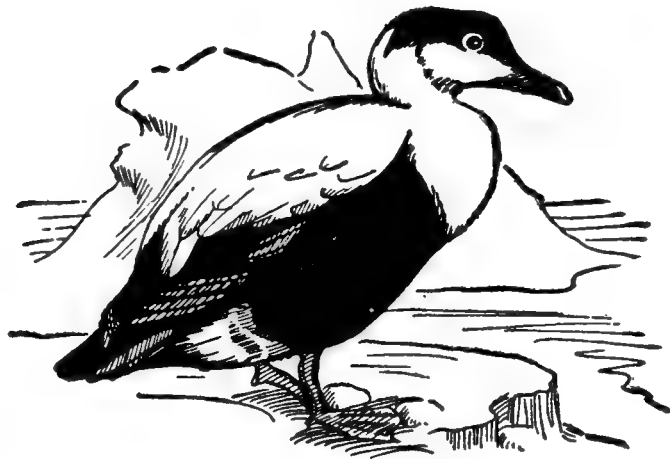
cooks throw out quantities and quantities of choice morsels, and if these are not enough, there are always the sailors who love the little wanderers and care for them very well. "For," they say among themselves, "if Mother Carey's chickens are with us we must have a safe voyage, else what would come of the dame's precious chicks?" The sailors call the wanderers "Mother Carey's chickens," which I am sure you will agree is an odd name for a sea tramp, but then sailors are a jolly strange crowd anyway.

STORMY PETREL LOST



HERE am I?" said Stormy, stretching himself, and at last rubbing one eye open to look about him. All about him was lumber. The smell of it was pleasing. He had a mind to turn over and take another little nap.

"Must have slept late," he thought to himself as he blinked at the sun high in the heavens. He tried to think what had happened the night before. He had reached a fine southern port, with the whaling schooner, and immediately out in the bay he had come upon some of his friends from the north land. There was Tommie Specks, the Eider Duck—Tommie had grown to be quite a gay fellow—and



Eider Duck

there was a great number of the Puffin folks and some of the Gray Goose family. A gay party it must have been, to be sure. And a gay time they had of it, he was certain. But somehow, he seemed to remember faintly that the party was ended by a fight, and he felt rather certain that he had been fighting himself. When he felt of his head he was very sure of it, but who the other fellow had been he had no notion at all.

“How that sun does jump about!” he ex-

claimed, suddenly startled. Leaping to his feet, he walked a bit unsteadily to the end of the planks he had been sleeping on. He looked right down into a sea of tumbling waves!

“Well!” He scratched his head. “Well! Shanghaied!” And shanghaied it was. (Shanghaied is a sailor’s way of saying “carried out to sea against one’s own wishes.”) The day before he had looked over all the crafts in the harbor and tried to choose between a splendid coastwise schooner and a great liner bound for the Orient, and here he was on board a poor, rough lumber schooner bound for some unknown place. He had gone to sleep on board her and she had sailed out to sea in the night.

“Serves me right enough,” he reflected. “I have no business being out late nights and getting lost. O well, anyway the sailors on

these rough craft are a kind enough lot, and it might be a great deal worse." At this he stretched out his stiffened wings and went soaring away to find his breakfast in the wake of the ship, and to announce to the sailors that he had been a stowaway in their rough schooner. And right gladly he was received, you may be sure.



STORMY AT THE BIG CANAL



TORMY looked lost and very much alone in the world. And indeed he was alone in a strange land. He wouldn't have minded that so much, but to add to all this it was hot, burning hot! His wings drooped pitifully as he walked along the baking sand of the beach.

"I wonder where it could have gone to?" he said to himself. He was thinking of the lumber schooner which he had followed for days and weeks and perhaps for a month. He could keep no track of time. He only knew that it was time the weather was growing cool in all the lands he had visited before, but that here it had been growing warmer and warmer



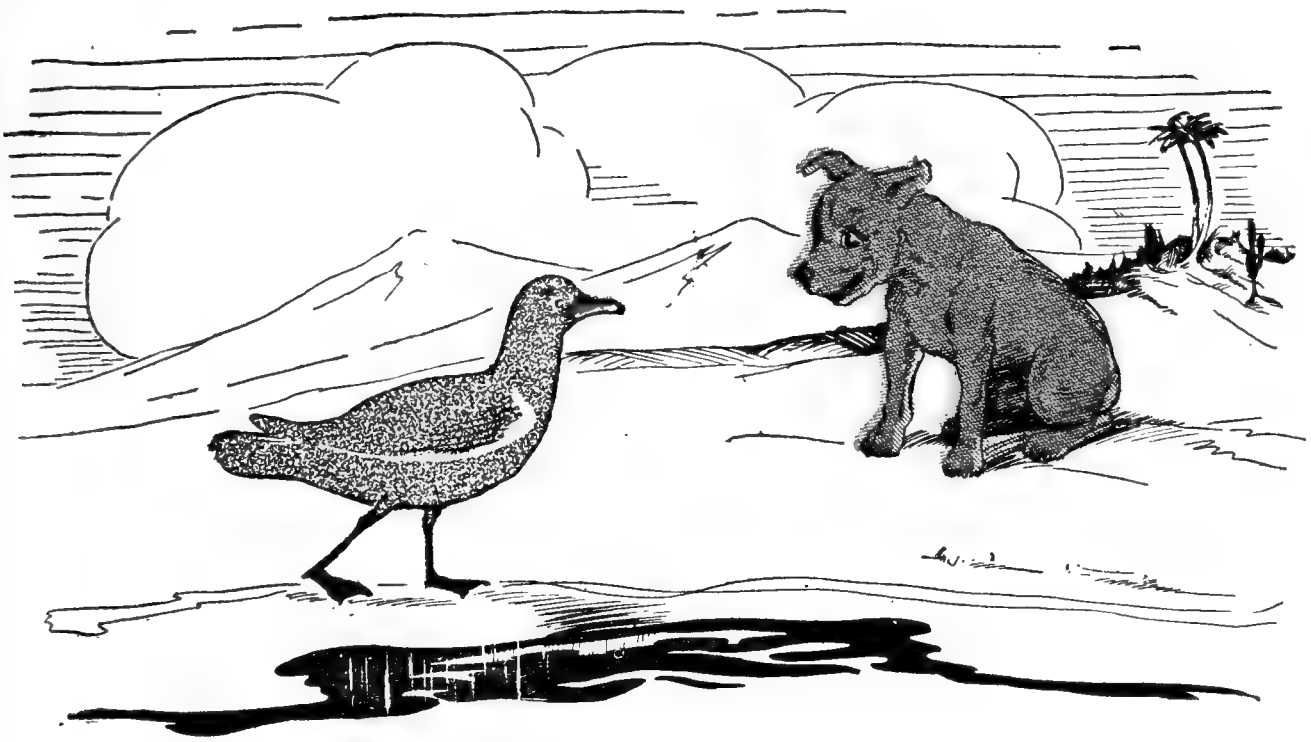
His Wings Drooped As He Walked Along the Baking Sand of the Beach

every day he journeyed south, and now at last his ship had put in at a port, and though he had watched the port carefully, the ship had disappeared in the night, and he was unable to tell where it had gone.

“Those were good sailors, and I always had plenty to eat. I am sorry I missed them,” he said thoughtfully to himself. “Have they gone out of the harbor into the open sea? Where could they have gone?”

The worst part of it was that he had found no one to ask about it. So many folks down here spoke strange tongues! Almost all of them did, in fact, and Stormy could see as he watched them that half the time they could not understand even one another.

But just as he was walking down the beach trying to solve these new life problems he heard someone shouting in a language he understood. It was a brownish dog who had come down to



"Hello," Said the Dog

the beach to hunt for dead fish washed in by the waves. Whether he was attempting to sing, or was calling to a companion Stormy could not tell, and did not care, for at last here was someone of whom he could ask questions about this strange land.

"Hello," said the dog, as Stormy came drooping up. He recognized in Stormy an old friend.

"Hello," said Stormy, standing on one

foot, and trying to assume a natural air in spite of the heat. "What are you doing down here?"

"My master brought me down. He's looking after some things in connection with the big canal."

"Oh!" said Stormy, trying hard to make the impression that he knew all about the canal, which he didn't.

"But what are you doing down here?" asked the dog.

"I came down as guest on a lumber schooner. Came ashore to find something to eat and lost her. I wonder where she could have gone to?"

"Probably through the big canal," said the dog, grinning, for he knew at once that Stormy didn't know a thing about the canal, or he would have known that the lumber schooner would be going that way, as all lumber schooners did these days.

Well, Stormy had to admit at last that he was very ignorant of this strange land, and was glad enough to have the dog tell him all about the warm canal zone and the great Panama Canal, through which the greatest ships of all the earth could pass from one ocean to the other. But the dog could tell Stormy nothing of the land which lay still to the southward.

“I don’t think I should care to take a trip through the canal,” said Stormy. “I have heard that some of the bird folks of the land are very dangerous fellows, and would rather destroy and eat you than to look at you—Old Baldy, the eagle, and Grey Coat, the hawk, and such as they.”

Stormy took a friendly farewell of this old acquaintance, who went on hunting dead fish while Stormy went out on the ocean where it was cooler to think things out. Here he was

in a warm, warm country, and nearly all the ships were going right through the land where he did not care to follow. His friends on the lumber schooner were far away on some other waters by this time, so he need never hope to see them again.

What was he to do? Should he join some ship coming out of the canal and going back to the land from which he came? Should he go still farther south? He was quite sure that he could not endure a much warmer country than this. If it grew warmer and warmer as he went on southward he was quite sure he would perish. But somehow, he felt that the sailors could not stand more heat than he could, which was right.

He didn't know just what would happen, but anyway he felt that there would be a change of some sort if he kept going south, and he was very, very eager to discover what that strange



He Wheeled High in the Air, Circled About and Lighted on Its Lee

change could be, and he was also very eager, as every wanderer is, to see some new lands and have some new adventures. So when he saw a little steamer pull out of the harbor and turn to the southward, he wheeled high in air, circled about, and lighted on its lee. He was at once greeted with cheers from the strange sailors, and thus began his further trip into the land where the days grew warmer and warmer.

GOING SOUTH INTO THE COLD



“MY!” said Stormy to himself, as he dropped to the water and fanned himself with his wings, “If this keeps up another week I shall surely perish.”

They had been traveling steadily southward, for days and days, and always it had been growing warmer. But just at that moment he noticed the sailors acting very strangely on deck. They seemed to be doing things to the new men and at last one of them looked out at the open sea and shouted, “See! There it is! There it is! The Equator! The Equator!”

Stormy looked and looked and looked, but he could see nothing but little black waves such as there were everywhere, and bits of drifting sea plants which were not uncommon at all. "I wonder what they were talking about," he said to himself as he spread his wings and prepared to continue his journey.

Three days later Stormy lifted his face to a breeze that was coming from the south. "I do believe it really feels cool!" he exclaimed. "A cool breeze from the south!"

A week later he was very, very sure the weather was becoming much cooler and they were still journeying southward. The strangest part of all was that they were now at that time of year when, in the lands he had visited before, it should be growing warmer and warmer toward the hot summer time, yet here they were every day going on and on into cooler and cooler climes. He couldn't figure it

out, but it was so very delightful after the great heat he had endured that he just drifted happily on the waves or skimmed along in the vessel's lee, and refused to puzzle much about it.

On and on they traveled, day after day. Sometimes his ship turned back to the north, but at such times he waited for another little steamer which was going south. Always he found a welcome from the strange sailors, though he could not understand a word of the strange tongue which most of them spoke.

“Rock me to sleep, mother,

I'm going round the Horn.”

Stormy heard a stray English sailor singing it as the sun went down one night. He wondered what it meant, that song of the sailor. He was going to find out, but not right away.

He went to sleep that night safe on the waves. The wind was contrary to the sailing vessel he was following, and he felt quite sure



On and On They Traveled, Day After Day

he would have no trouble in finding it in the morning.

But when morning came, a strange thing had happened. The ship had vanished! Strain his eyes as he might, and look this way or that, he could not discover it, and there was not the least fog on the sea at that!

Hastily he spread his wings and flew swiftly southward, "For," he said to himself, "there has been no port in sight and they must have gone south."

But when he had sailed on and on to the southward for hours and hours, and had not

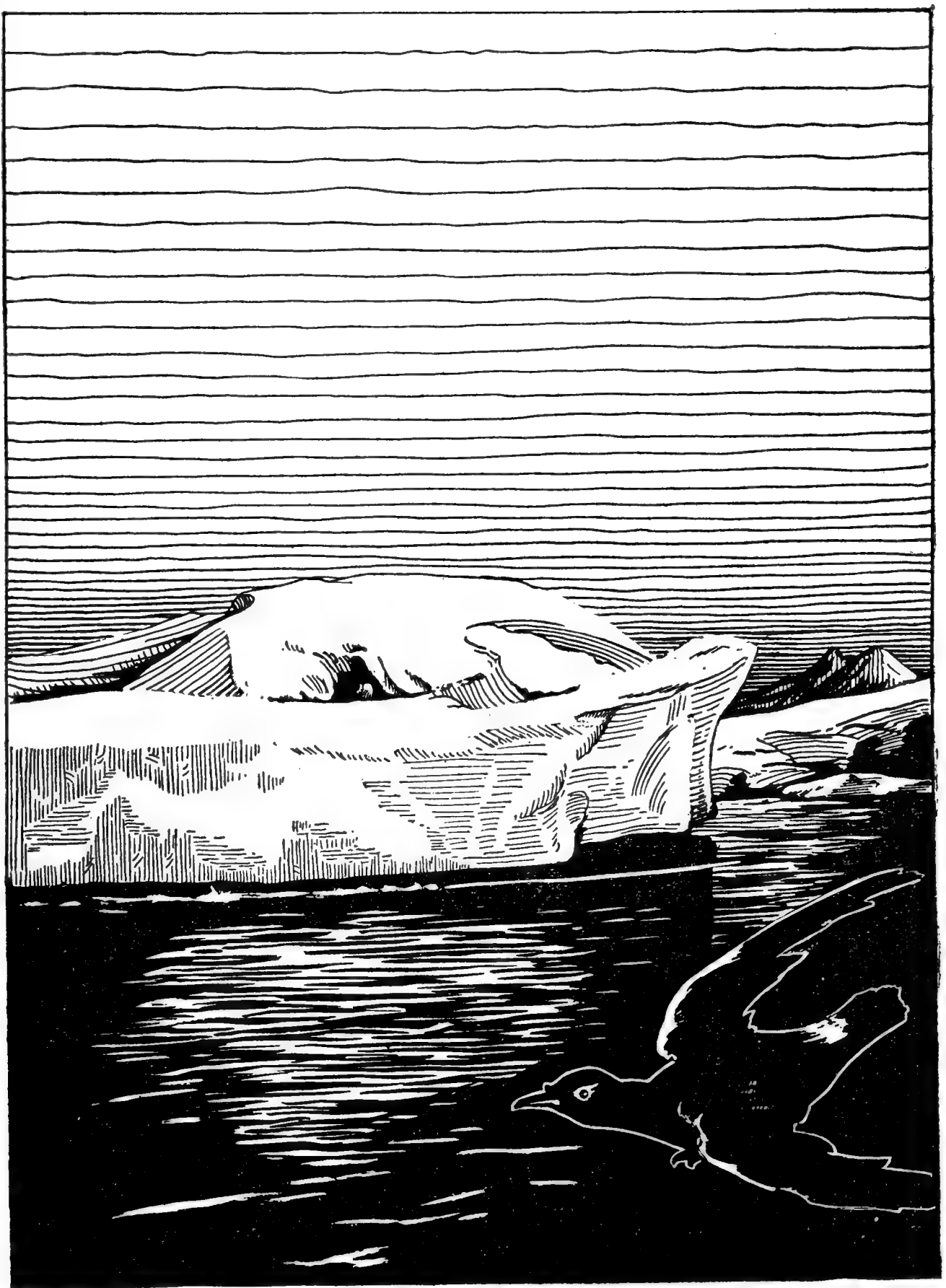
sighted them he gave up and settled down on the water, a very lonely old traveler in the midst of a dark, dark, old ocean which now every day was growing colder and colder till Stormy found it difficult, indeed, to keep his toes warm.

“And the strangest part of it all is,” he said to himself, “that it is June and should be warm even in the far, far northland.”

But his usual strong heart gave him courage, and he felt sure that should he continue southward things would be different. He would come to some new land, and find some new ship to follow.

And at last he did come to a land. But such a strange land as it was! Cold and bleak and barren! Not a soul in sight, and no ships! Just such a land as Arctic region and Alaska.

“I must have come back to the land of Big White Bear, Little White Fox, Little Miss Snow Bunting, and the rest,” Stormy said to himself, as he lighted on a pinnacle of ice to look about. “But where can they all be? I do



But Such a Land As It Was—Cold and Bleak and Bare

not so much as see a trace of them anywhere. There are some tracks right over there, but they do not look like the tracks of anyone I have ever seen. I'll just go over and look at them."

Stormy did go over, and just as he was bending over to examine them very, very carefully, he heard a strange voice, and looking up, beheld a great company of large birds walking solemnly toward him. They were all dressed in long robes and caps like monks, and were quite as silent. They looked a great deal like the Puffin folks. But they were large! Why some of them must have been four feet tall!

Stormy rubbed his eyes and stared. "I must have got some sea water down my throat. It is making me see things!" he said, rubbing his eyes again and again. But every time he looked, the strange procession was still there and coming closer and closer.

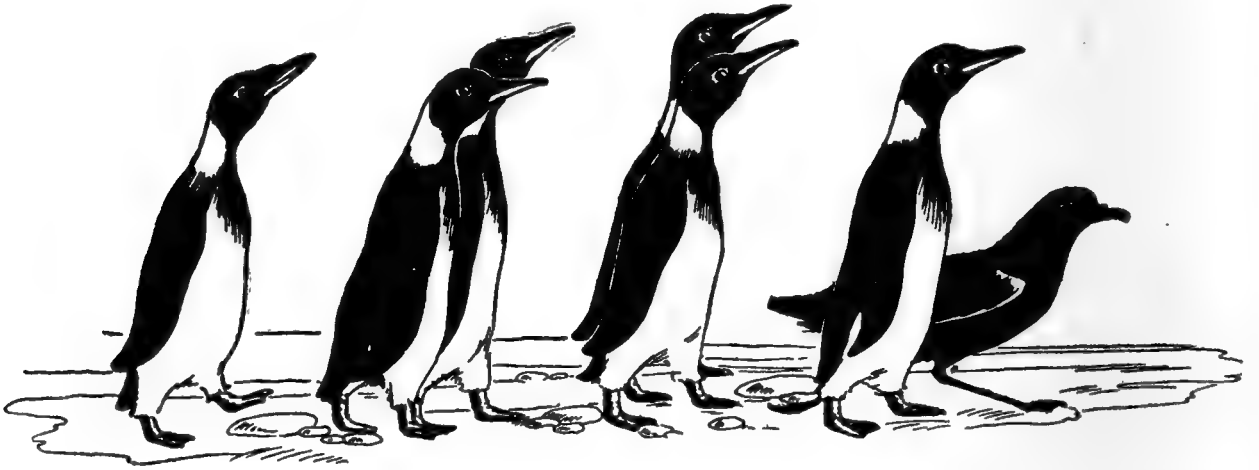
"I might as well start out to meet them and see what will happen," said Stormy to himself, and started toward them.

HUSKIE, AN OLD FRIEND



WITH slow steps and wondering mind, Stormy approached the great host of strangers. "How strangely big they are!" he thought to himself, "Why! some of them are more than half as tall as a man. And how dignified they look!"

But he was far too curious about this strange land to allow either fear or wonder to keep him back and beside he was getting to feel lonesome as everyone must who is in a strange land where he does not know a single person, so he tramped forward to meet the strangers and was soon standing face to face with the tallest and gravest of them all. Behind the leader stood the great host in respectful silence, looking for all the world like a great



Soon They Were Marching Out in An Orderly Array to Meet a New Stranger

choir in some lofty cathedral, for it seemed to appear that every one of them wore a long black robe and a light gown beneath which showed where the dark folds fell back.

Just as the tall, dignified stranger came close to Stormy, who, odd little tramp that he was, did not know what was going to happen, the stranger made a dignified bow, then he made three more dignified bows, then he began to make a speech. It turned out to be a very long speech indeed, but whether it was a sermon on the evils of being a tramp or just a plain speech of welcome Stormy will never



The Stranger Made a Dignified Bow

know, for he understood never a word of this strange language. One word he heard over and over again and as we now know, he was a very bright fellow. When the speech was quite finished he screamed the word, "Penguin" at the top of his voice. And all the host screamed their delight. He had guessed their names, for these, indeed, were the Penguin folks. After that Stormy repeated his own name, "Petrel, Petrel," many times to them and they repeated it after him, "Petrel, Petrel," and then of course

they all felt very well acquainted indeed, for did they not know one another's names? Then nothing would do but Stormy must go home with them for lunch. And a splendid feast it was, though Stormy could not have named one of the dishes set before him.

Next morning just as he had finished eating his breakfast with his host, the greatest Penguin, who looked very much like some mighty ruler and was in fact a very Emperor Penguin, Stormy saw his host rise suddenly and go out as if to look after some urgent business. He followed, and found the whole village assembled as when he had appeared among them. Soon they were marching out in orderly array to meet some new visitor. Stormy was so short that he could see nothing among these folks about four-foot high. But when they came to a stand-still he crowded out from among the throng, and in just another moment heard a voice say to him:

“Hello! hello!” in perfectly good English.

“How are you!” exclaimed Stormy, overjoyed to meet an old friend. It was none other than Huskie, the Malamute dog, whom he had known in Alaska some years before. Huskie seemed to be grinning from ear to ear. But the Penguinfolks, not understanding what had been said, were as solemn as owls. And very soon the Emperor began his long speech, of which Huskie understood very little, but to which he listened very attentively out of respect, no doubt, for the customs of the country. When this ceremony was finished, the company broke up into little groups and Stormy edged his way over toward Huskie. He was sure now that this was Alaska, for if it were not how could Huskie get here since he could not fly? There were many, many questions he wanted to ask Huskie about his strange adventures.

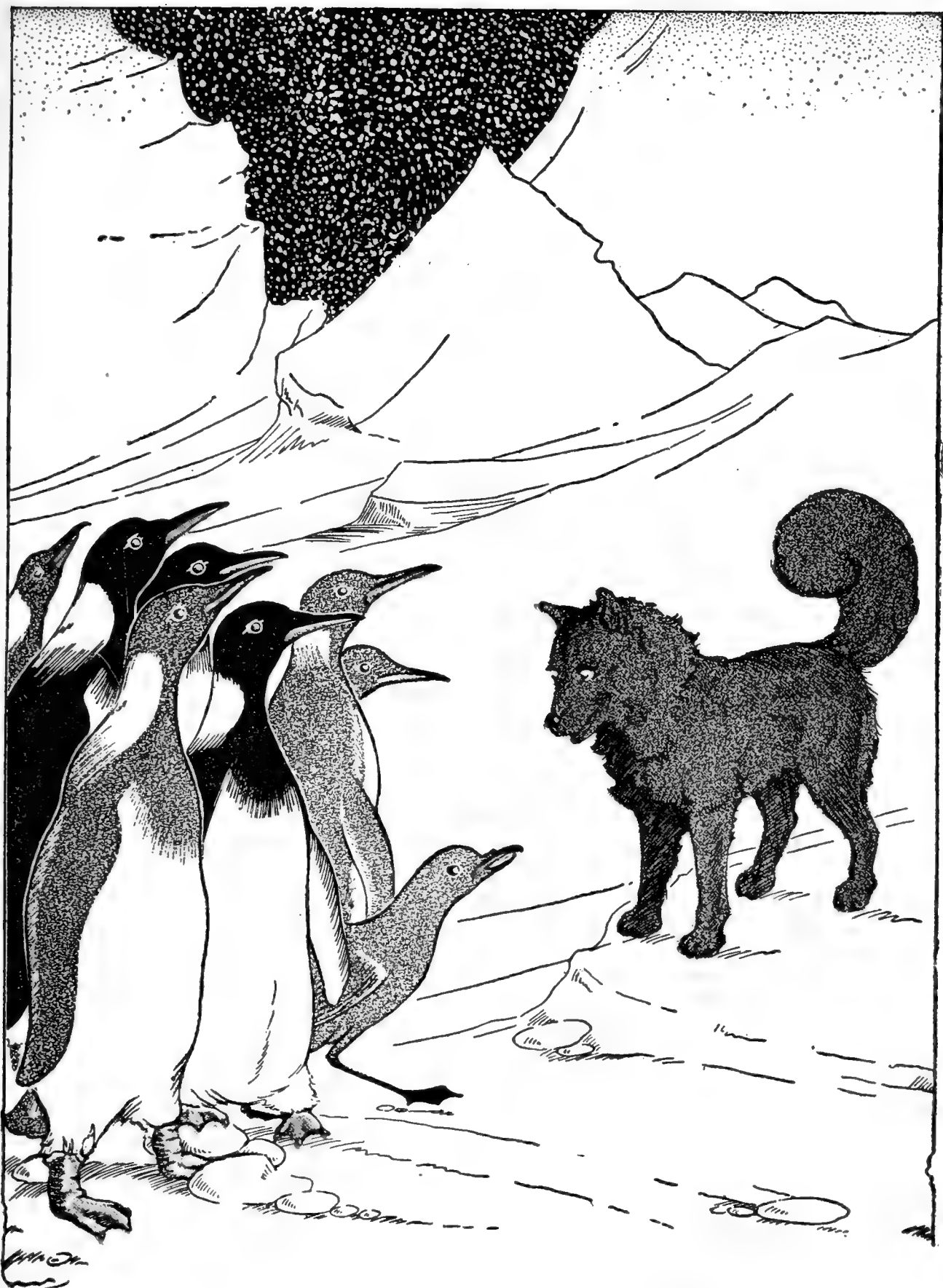
“Now,” said Stormy, after he had told all his strange experiences, “I want to ask you some questions.”

“Go ahead. Ask as many as you like,” said Huskie, grinning from ear to ear. “I shall be glad to answer all of them.”

“What I want to know, in the first place,” said Stormy, standing on one foot and scratching his right shin with the toe of his left foot, “is, how could I get north by going south?”

Huskie wanted to laugh right out loud at this, but he didn't. So he politely said, “Why, you didn't. You're not north now, you're south.”

“South!” exclaimed Stormy, more puzzled than ever. “Isn't this Alaska? But if it is, where is White Bear, where's Little White Fox, where's Tusks, the walrus, and Tdariuk, the reindeer, where's all the rest of the folks I used to know?” Stormy had grown quite excited,



"Ask As Many As You Like," Said Huskie

and was staring at Huskie as if he were likely at any moment to jump up and pinch his nose.

“Do not ask your questions so fast,” said Huskie, “and I will explain. This isn’t Alaska, and none of the people you speak of have ever lived here. This is almost a new world altogether. When you knocked at Mrs. Eider Duck’s door and found her not at home you were very near the Arctic Circle. Now you are very near the Antarctic Circle, and those two circles are thousands and thousands of miles apart, and though they run round the earth for ten thousand years they’ll never be one foot nearer together anyway, that’s what my master, the geography man, says, and he ought to know, for he spends all his time making strange drawings on paper to help small children with when they go to school.”

“Oh-h!” Stormy took a long breath, and tried to get the world turned right side up in

his own mind. "A cold, cold country and no White Bear, no Tusks, the walrus, no Little White Fox, no Tdariuk, the reindeer! What a strange land and how lonesome it must be!"

"Oh, no, you're wrong," said Huskie, seeming to read what was in Stormy's mind. "It's not so bad. There are many people living here, especially in the summer time. And the most interesting people in the world are these same Penguin people you have just been staying with. But you must come right home with me. My master will be more than glad to see anyone from his home town. He brought me down here to keep him company and to show him about in this cold land, but I sometimes think he even grows tired of me in these long, long nights. But never mind, by the first of October it will be very fine and warm indeed, and by Christmas it will be splendid summer

time," he added with a merry wink, seeing how confusing all these strange conditions were to poor Stormy who had always lived in the northern hemisphere.

Huskie's master was a tall, strong, white man, a scientist and an explorer. He was glad to see Stormy, but instead of making him a long speech as the Penguin people had done, he threw him a choice bit of blubber, which pleased Stormy very much better than the speech.

When Stormy had had a good night's sleep he felt quite ready for any new adventure and quite sure he would like this country very well, if ever he had his difficult geography lesson learned.

"Huskie says these Penguin folks are the most interesting people in the world," he said to himself, "and I shouldn't wonder a bit if he was right."

PENGUIN VILLAGE



A GREAT red beam of sunshine was slowly lifting the sun out of a dark blue pool of ocean. Stormy Petrel, our jolly tramp of the sea, watched it till it sank slowly into the sea and left the sun to roll by itself along the blue waters. Stormy had long since learned his geography lesson of the South Polar Sea, and had learned much of the language of Penguin land as well, and now he was going with these staid and solemn folks to their summer home where, they had assured him, they would build real houses of stone, lay out streets, and live for all the world like humans.

- The days had grown longer, water had appeared here and there on the ice floes. Stormy

knew it was coming spring, and he was anxious to be away. Already his friends, Huskie the malamute dog, and the Geography man, had packed up their camp and gone to the northward. Stormy had liked his Penguin friends so well that he stayed behind, but now he was glad to be on the move. He took his place in line, and away they marched single file, making quite a solid roadway as they traveled. Stormy had no trouble in keeping up the gait walking till his companions came to a steep hill. Once at the top they lay flat down on their stomachs, and with their heavy robes for sleds, went tobogganing to the bottom in a hurry. This left Stormy far behind, but he was not long in starting to fly, and soon he was airshipping along far over their heads, and did not stop till he was at the top of the next hill, from which he could watch their slow-winding progress, which reminded him of nothing half so much as the gold seekers of his own Alaska as they made their way to some new diggings.

"I am going to live in a real feathered folks town," Stormy exclaimed joyously, as he watched the long line of people toiling up the hill, "a real town, with streets and houses and all the home comforts. If I had just been brought up in a place like that, perhaps I should not have become a tramp. But perhaps it was so lonesome way out in the country that I just couldn't like it. But now, I hope I can give up my wanderings and settle down with these sensible, quiet people in their real town."

"It must be grand to live in a real town," he repeated to Emperor Penguin, as he reached the crest of the hill before his companions.

Emperor just looked at Stormy and said nothing. Someway Stormy couldn't help thinking there was a rather odd look in his eyes as he flopped down on his stomach and went tobogganing down the hill toward that real town with streets and hundreds of houses.

"We have now reached our place," spoke the Emperor a few days later. He said it rather



Went Tobogganing to the Bottom in a Hurry

cheerfully, as he looked about over the great level stretch of land before them.

“But where’s the town?” asked Stormy in surprise.

“We will have to build that,” said the Emperor, seizing a fair-sized stone and making for the level land. He established himself on the highest, dryest place, and soon all the Penguins had grouped themselves about him, all at short distances from one another, and were



Men and Women Alike Carrying Stones

all busy bringing stones from the beach with which to mark their claim. Stormy was obliged to admit that when they were all in their places things began to look very much like the beginning of a town.

Very soon indeed, there were streets well laid out and trampled down by the hurrying feet of the busy workers as they marched back and forth, male and female alike carrying stones for their new homes. They worked industriously for some time, but by and by they seemed to be growing tired, and one by one they paused in the midst of the new houses to



Rubbing One Another's Necks

rest, and it was not any time at all before some of the younger people began billing and cooing and rubbing one another's neck. Now, the walls were not built much higher than their boot tops, so when Stormy saw them he said to the Emperor, "Why don't they wait till the houses are built all the way up?"

"Oh, that's about as high as we build our houses," said the Emperor. "They are only summer houses anyway, and that is our young folks custom."

Stormy was surprised at this as he had

thought their town was to be a really grand place and with many rules, and here was his friend, the Emperor, telling him that there were very few rules for the young people and that all their houses were to be very little more than low walls after all.

But just then Stormy saw something that made him look very sharply. He wasn't quite sure, but it seemed to him that he saw Emperor's next door neighbor reach over and steal a stone from Emperor's wall while he was looking the other way. He watched sharply out of the corner of his eye and sure enough he did! The other fellow reached right over and took a second stone from the Emperor's wall.

"Ha! Caught you at it!" exclaimed Stormy, more shocked than ever.

The only answer he received was a bang across the side of his head that sent him spinning way over three lots into another fellow's backyard. He was not wanted there either, so a lusty kick sent him right into the middle of



He Saw Emperor's Next Door Neighbor Reach Over and Steal a Stone

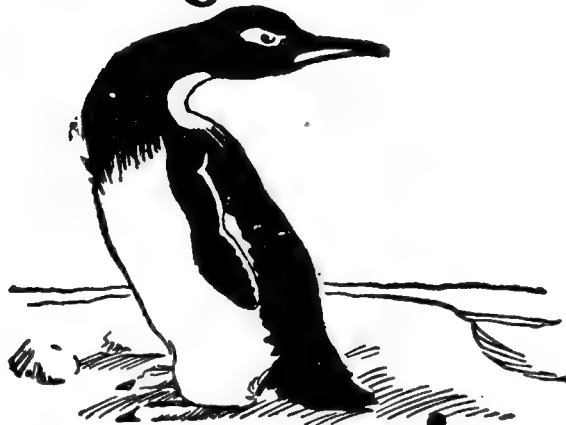
another yard. Here he was seized quickly by the ear and sent spinning right out of town.

"Well!" he exclaimed, when he had about recovered his breath to realize what had happened. "Well! I don't believe that I like living in a town near as well as I thought I should." Just then he looked over where his friend Emperor was standing and saw him steal a stone from one of his neighbors when his back was turned.

"Well!" said Stormy, straightening up. "These people certainly have queer habits, and

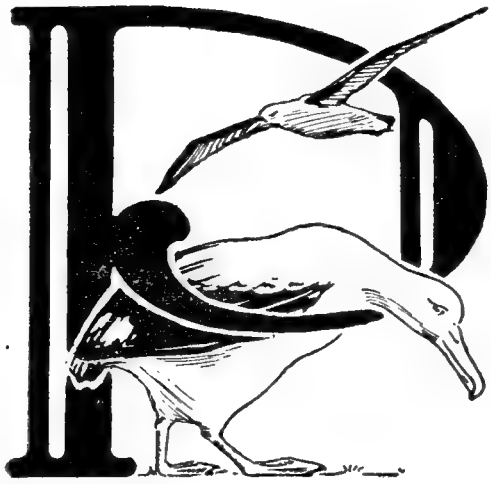
I don't like them for that. I'm going back to my old friend Huskie and the Geography man. I'll come back later though, and see if I can't get a boy to take with me on my travels. A boy's good company for a tramp to have traveling with him," and away he sailed back to Huskie and his master.

Emperor



Penguin

THE SNOW STORM



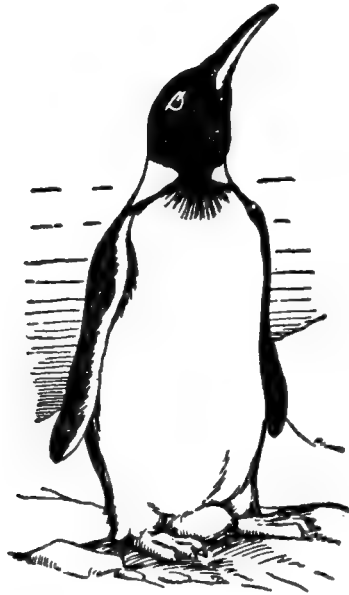
ENGUIN TOWN was not after all as bad as Stormy Petrel thought it. People who live in town very often get along well enough among themselves, but a stranger finds it rather hard to come in and join their group in peace, especially if he is a tramp and seems to desire to meddle with other folks' habits. The Penguin people did steal without shame from one another, but then everyone expected it, and it had become a game of wits among them each spring. In due time things settled down to the natural life of a small town, and very soon there was a large egg in every home. Then Father and Mother Penguin took turns about holding the eggs on their knees to keep it up from the cold, damp earth. This, with the



Little Mannie Penguin

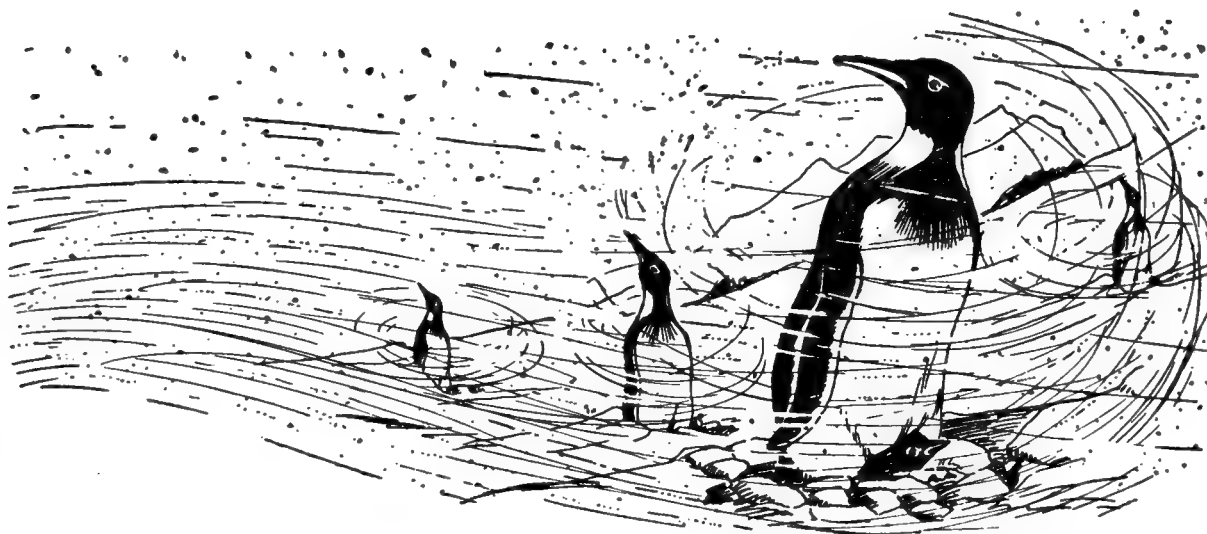
hunting for food, kept them busy enough most all of the time.

It was a very well-ordered town, then, into which Little Mannie Penguin, the Emperor's son, awakened to one fine morning when the sun was shining all day and all night. He was dressed in a dark woolen suit and a black hood that covered everything but the tip of his nose and his two eyes. But his head was so very, very heavy that he was unable to straighten it up and look about him. He was so very sleepy that he soon closed his eyes and slept on his mother's knees, half hidden by the folds of the great warm robe she wore.



Soon There Was a Large Egg in Every Home

From time to time he was moved from his mother's lap to his father's without being wakened at all. At last, after many hours he awoke again feeling very hungry. His head did not seem so heavy. With a great effort he lifted his head and looked about him. Then he tried to say he was hungry. His proud parents understood, and he was at once fed by his mother while his father looked smilingly on. Very soon he was toddling about his little home, bidding fair to grow large and strong very rapidly and be just the kind of a boy old tramp, Stormy Petrel was looking for to take with him on his



How the Wind Blows!

wanderings, though this, I am sure you will agree, would not be the right thing at all for Mannie Penguin to do.

“How the wind blows!” exclaimed Mother Penguin one day, “I do believe we are going to have a terrible blizzard.” She tucked her warm robe about Mannie till nothing could be seen of him but his nose and his sharp little eyes. She turned her back to the wind, but in spite of all that, she felt the keen bite of the wind through her robe and gown.

“I think we are going to have a hard time of it,” she shivered, “but you just never mind.

Your mother will not desert you. She bent down and tucked Mannie in a little closer and gave him a fond pat. Nobody in the world is more fond of her children than Mother Penguin is, and no one will fight longer and harder to protect them from danger.

Wilder and wilder the wind blew. Soon sharp bits of snow went cutting through the air.

“Whew,—whew,—” they sang, “Through,
through,

Straight from the mountains, too.

Hide your heads little Penguin chicks

Under the robes so nice and thick.

Whew! Whew! Through! Through!

We’re coming through!”

Soon the air was so white that when Mannie looked out he could not see to his neighbor’s door-step. Soon the snow was piling up all about them and already it was almost up to his nose.

"We'll be buried," he whispered to his mother.

"It will be well if we are," said his mother. "If not we may freeze."

"But I will smother," he whispered back.

"Oh, no, said his mother, "I'll reach down now and then and make a little passage for the air to reach you. Do not be afraid. You will be snug as anything down there all covered with the downy flakes." Nevertheless, she did wrinkle her brow, for in these terrible blizzards no one could tell how deep the snow would bury them, and it might easily be that the snow would go over her head. Then she knew that she must choose between leaving her child or dying with him.

Deeper and deeper the snow piled, louder and louder the wind howled. But only Mrs. Penguin heard it; Mannie's ears were buried deep in the snow, but still right down to his face came a little passage which his brave mother, shiver as she might, kept open all the

while. In Mother Penguin's mind the question came over and over again, "Will it not stop soon? Will it not stop soon? Is it not growing less now?" But always the answer came from the wind;

Whew! Whew! to you, to you!

Wild wind and snow, too,

Coming to cover you.

Whew! Whew! Whew!

Long ago, Little Mannie had fallen asleep in his snug bed. "Will he ever awake?" Mama Penguin whispered to herself. Just then the wind paused to listen, and I think it understood, for slowly, slowly, when the snow was almost above the tip of Mother Penguin's hood, it stopped altogether and the sky became so clear that Mother Penguin could see the sun shining through.

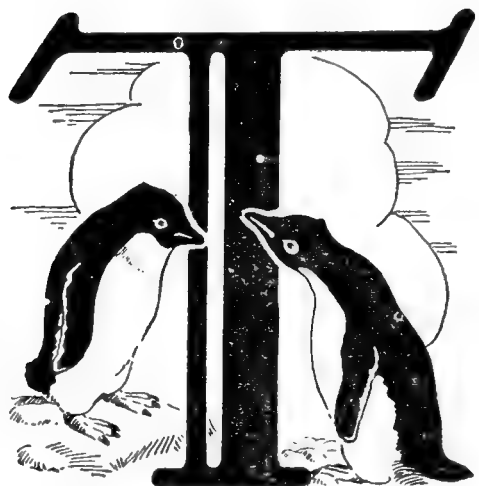
They were safe, but it was a long and tiresome time before the snow melted away enough for Mannie to leave his once warm nest, which was now quite flooded by melting snow, and

go with his mother to a dry, safe place where Father Penguin could bring them food.

They were very happy. But in their own happiness they could not help feeling sad, for where there had been a happy home next to their own, was one great drift of snow with never a sunken place in it, and that meant that some mother and her child had been buried there, or that the poor little fellow had been left to smother while his parents sought safety for themselves. Mother Penguin gave Mannie an extra loving tuck before she hid him away to dry, and gave three hoarse calls to her mate to come and bring them food.



ARRIVAL OF THE ADELIE PENGUINS

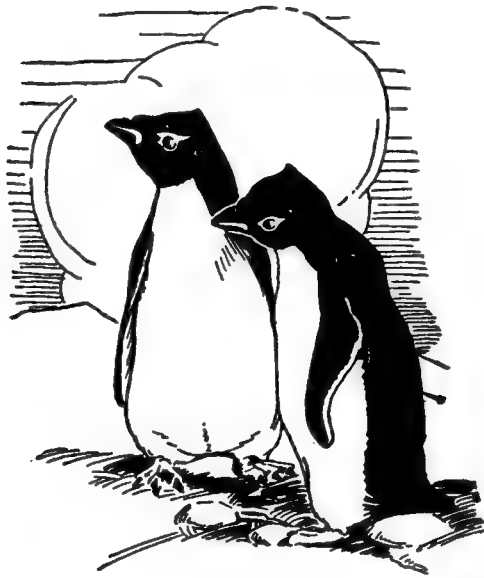


HE sun had been shining warm for days. The snow had melted and run away down the streets in little rivers, and the town was dry and comfortable again. Mannie was very happy and well-fed in his home. He was looking dreamily off toward the dark blue sea when he heard strange voices, many, many of them just down the street a short distance. They were coming closer and closer. Soon there appeared hundreds and hundreds of short, squatty fellows, not nearly as large as Emperor Penguin and his town's folks. Had Mannie been but a real man he might have imagined them as wearing wooden shoes and smoking long-stemmed pipes. Then, too, he might have seen them carrying strange, foreign looking bags and bundles, and the women with

shawls tied over their heads. But he wasn't a real man, so he just thought of them as people very much like his own father and mother, only smaller and squattier than they.

Very well behaved people they were. As they marched up the streets they did not move a pebble or molest a person. And well they might not, for if they had shown the least idle curiosity, not to say meddlesomeness, they would have had their ears soundly boxed by thrifty housewives, I am sure. Mannie watched them as they made their way to the higher land above their town.

"I believe they are going to build up a town all of their own," he said to himself, "or, perhaps, it is to be an addition to our town." He liked to think of it that way, and felt very proud of himself and his family as he thought of this great addition to their village. "Why," he thought, "if this keeps up, Penguin Town will soon be a city and we can put in electric lights, water works, and street cars."



Very Much Like His Father and Mother

“Who are all those new folks?” he asked Father Penguin that evening.

“They are the Adelie Penguin tribe,” said his father. “They are very good folks, but they always come late to their summer homes so they get the worst place to nest. However, they are very proper people, and we never object to their going through town to get rocks for building.

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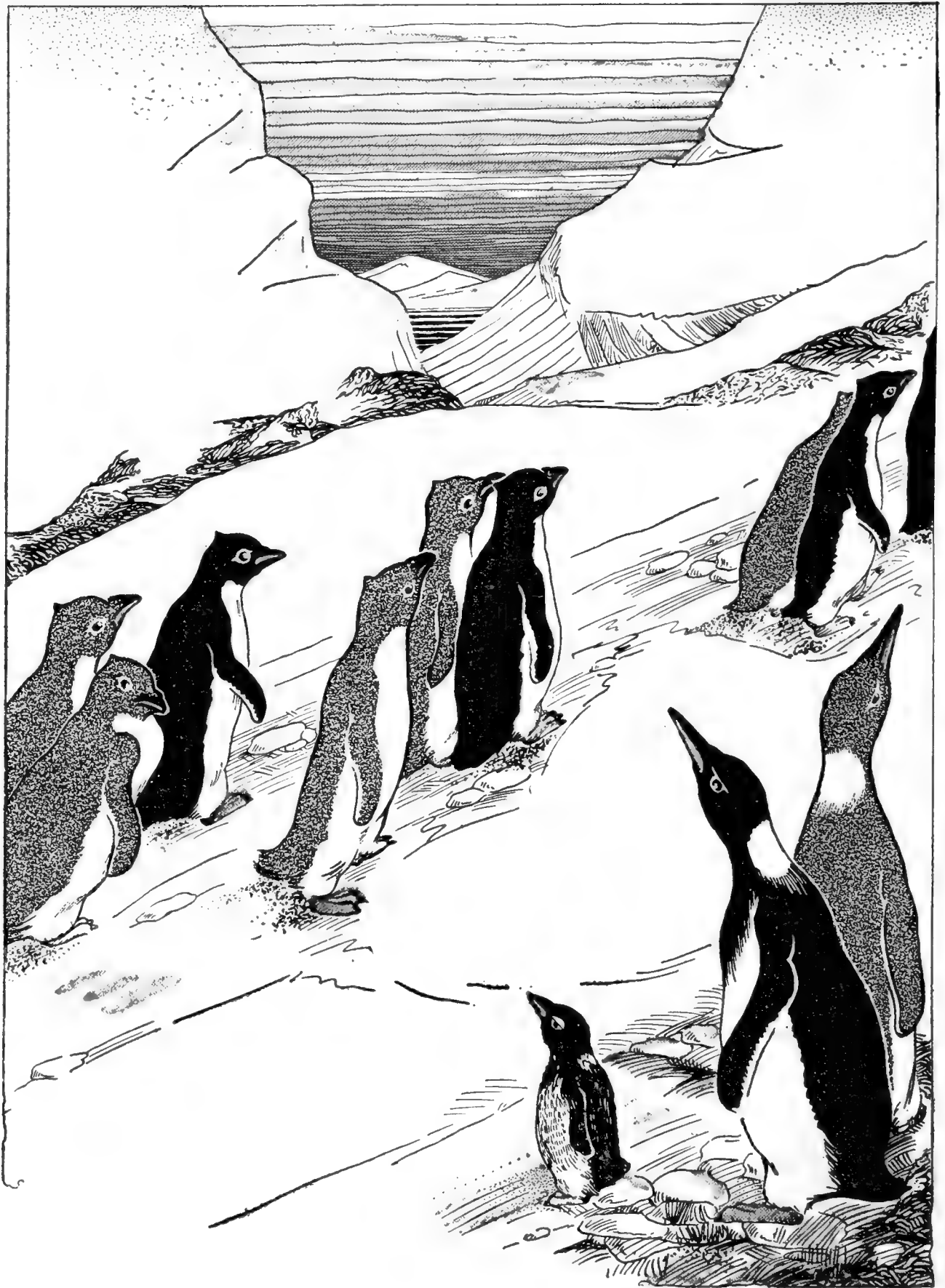
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“There’s three red stones on the wall nearest the ocean, three red ones and one white one on the side nearest the hill there are three white

stones and one red one. I mustn't forget that." Mannie turned and counted them again to make sure. These stones were in the wall of his own home. He was going out for a ramble. His father and mother had both gone out to fish in the sea. They had told him to remember about the stones, for if he didn't he would never be able to find his way home. It was much easier to find his home than to find his parents, for they were dressed so very much like all the other folks of the village that occasionally there was a great squabble over whose children certain youngsters were anyway.

He counted the stones once more, then went waddling away toward the upper edge of the village. He had taken little trips about his own part of the town, but to-day he felt sure he was going to make a visit to the south addition which the Adelie Penguin folks were building.

On and on he waddled, looking this way and that, and enjoying the splendid sunshine



Very Much Like the Other Folks

until he came to the outer edge of his own village, and at last, right into the Adelie Addition. He found the people busy at work building their homes. It was a long journey down to the beach, and they were all tired and fussed up as each come panting back bearing a stone in his beak.

"Lot's of work, isn't it?" said Mannie to a broadfaced, chubby little fellow, who grinned at him good-naturedly.

"The work is fine," said the stranger, "but the stealing's mean. To-day I have carried six stones and all I have left is the one I brought just now. Oh, well," he sighed, "I'll just do as the rest do."

"What's that?" asked Mannie.

"Watch and see."

Mannie did watch. The stranger stood up straight in his home and seemed to be fast asleep with his nose under his right arm. But his eyes were not covered up. Very soon his sharp-eyed neighbor rose and went toddling

down the hill. Then this wise fellow opened his eyes and began taking stones from his neighbor's wall and adding them to his.

"There," he said after a time. "I think that makes my home complete."

"Did he take your stones?" asked Mannie.

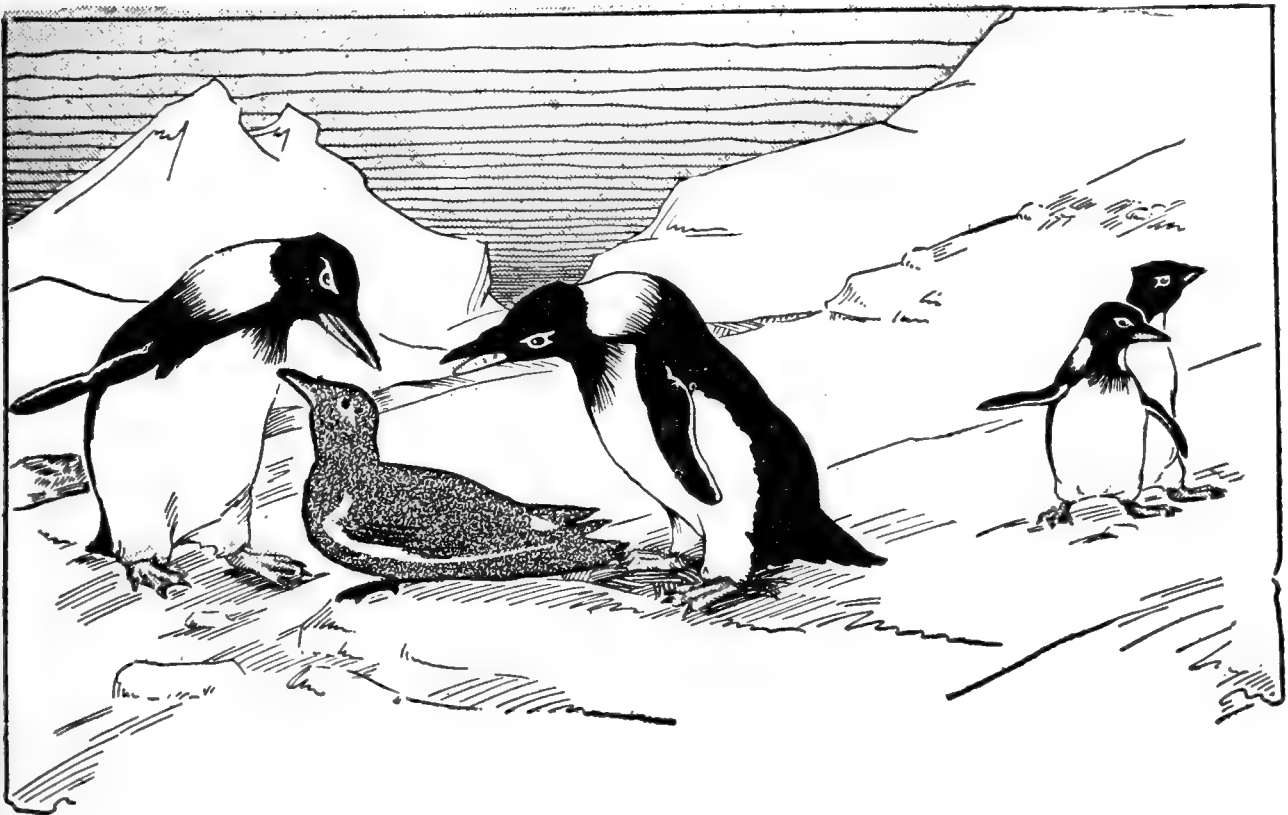
"Somebody did and I had to get them back," grinned the other. "You see," he said, "Our people have the habit of stealing stones to build their houses with, and if you didn't steal at all you'd never have a house. I don't like it. I hope some time our people will grow to respect the rights of one another just at the humans do."

Mannie went down the hill to his own village where he searched out the house with the three red stones and one white one next to the sea, and three white ones and one red one on the upper side. He found his mother and father there, with a good supper all spread.

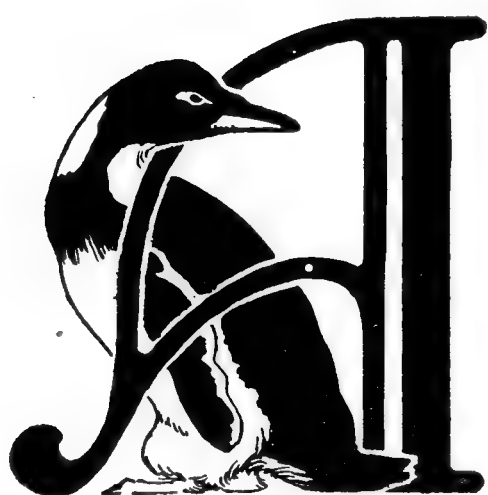
"Father," he said that night, "these Adelie folks are right stupid. They keep stealing one

another's rocks which they build houses with. Don't you think that is very unkind and stupid?"

His father only smiled wisely and said nothing. His mother said some time this foolish habit will change and told Mannie to have another fish biscuit.



THE POLICEWOMAN



H, hah!" exclaimed Old Tramp Stormy Petrel, rubbing his hands together, and nearly losing his balance as he lowered himself to the ground. "Just as I hoped it would be. Here, down by the river are half the young people of the village with no old folks to stop a fellow who wants to talk to them."

He had just reached the ground by this time, and in a very few moments he walked up to the group of Penguin boys and made his very best bow.

"How do you do?" he said smiling. "You're a fine lot of young gentlemen." The boys all blushed and twisted their hands awkwardly behind their backs, but said nothing.

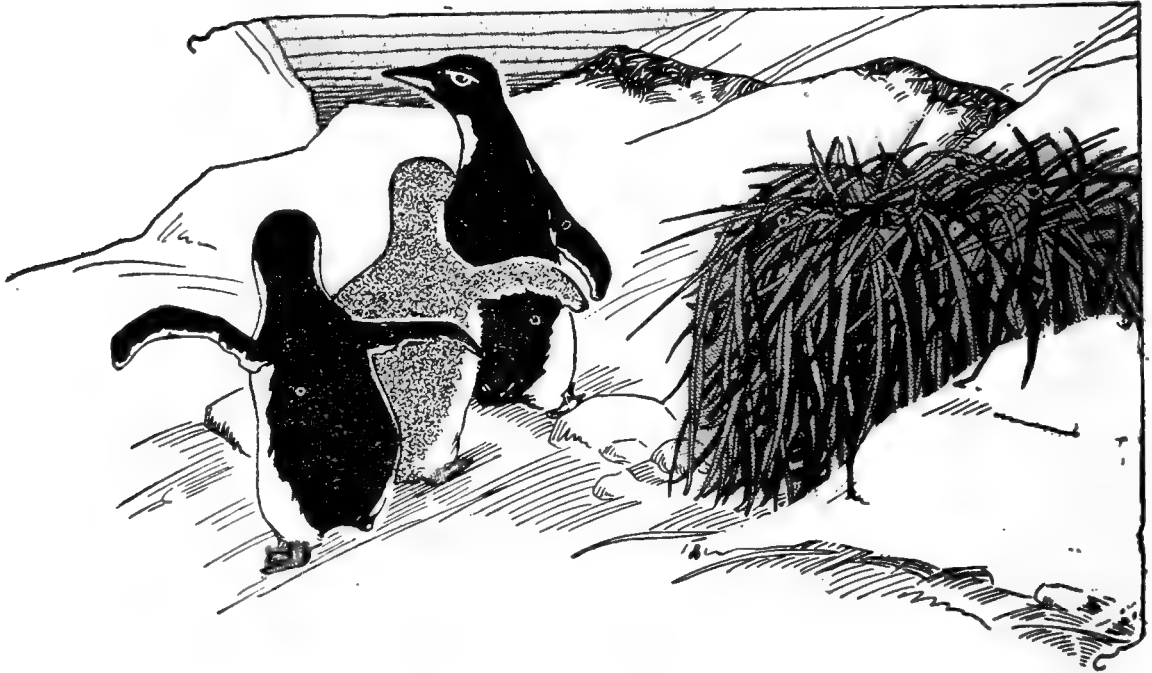
"My name's Petrel, Stormy Petrel," said the old tramp, sitting down on a large rock

and crossed his feet. "I don't suppose any of you know me. I know all your folks very well. I was over here a month ago. Had a fine time, too, I must say. Very clever folks, your people are." Stormy spread his wings and tried to look his very best, but the boys still twisted their hands behind their backs and said nothing.

"This is a fine day," said Stormy, "the river's fine, why don't you take a swim?"

"Our bathing-suits are not finished yet," ventured Mannie Penguin, having lost his embarrassment. "Mother says they won't be done for three weeks."

"Well, now I call that too bad!" said Stormy, seeming to feel sorry for the boys, but in truth, feeling more sorry for himself, for if the fact were known, he had come back to Penguin Village to get a boy for a traveling companion, and it did not please him a bit to find that none of them had their bathing-suits finished.



"Our Bathing Suits Are Not Finished Yet," Said Mannie

Stormy shifted uneasily about on his seat. He saw he was in a bad business. Any tramp is in bad business when he is hunting up a boy to travel with him, and he knows it. Stormy knew it, too, and was nervous. "But I may as well make a good impression on them now," he thought to himself, "then, when they get their bathing-suits it won't be the least trouble in the world to get one of them to go right away." At that he cast a dreamy spell over his visage and began;

“The truth is, boys, I’m what’s known as a globe trotter.” He paused to allow the words to make an impression. It was evident that his listeners did not understand. “Well, you see,” he continued, “it’s like this, I travel all over the world. Doesn’t that sound interesting?” Didn’t you ever get to wondering what was just beyond the clouds you see all red at sunset? It is very strange! Well now, I’ve been there. And a great many other places I’ve been, too. When you look over at the red, red sun when it rises up out of the sea in the morning, don’t you ever wonder what is beyond the sunrise, and what it is? Well, I’ve been there. I’ve been almost everywhere. It’s great to travel, to go here, there, and everywhere over the earth!” The Penguin boys were listening now with all attention. What one of them had not looked away at the golden sunset or at the red sunrise, and thought of the lands beyond it all?

“And besides all that I’m an adventurer,” said Stormy. “I’ve done all sorts of daring

things. I've robbed robbers in their dens. I've robbed Old Ivory Gull, the pirate, of his ill-gotten booty. Why!" he exclaimed, to further win his hearers, "There's no one I'd be afraid of."

"Look out, mister!" cried one of the boys, "Here comes the police woman."

"Police woman!" cried Stormy, in a fright. "Where?" Then he suddenly thought of the great speech he had just been making to the boys, and sat down again to appear not afraid.

Now, truly enough, a police woman was coming. The Penguin people are ever watchful of their children. Though most of them had gone fishing, they had left their children in the care of two police women. It was one of these who was coming just now. And a very strong person she looked to be, too. She was dressed in light yellow bloomers with a bright golden collar, a grayish-blue cape and a black hood. She came marching along with as much dignity as the Emperor himself.

Poor Stormy! He was very small indeed, beside her, and his conscience did not add one bit to his courage, for as we can see, he realized that he was in a very bad business. But he put on his best face and waited for the police woman to come up.

She looked him over from his head to where his toes were. Honest, you'd have been sorry for Stormy if he hadn't just been up to such bad tricks, the way she looked at him.

"What you doing here?" she demanded, moving very close to him.

"I will explain," said Stormy, twisting uncomfortably, "you see, I'm quite a traveler, and—"

"I wouldn't doubt it. You look as if you were," said the watch woman wisely. "And I suppose you'd like to get some of these boys to travel with you?"

That was such a good guess that Stormy had not a word to say.



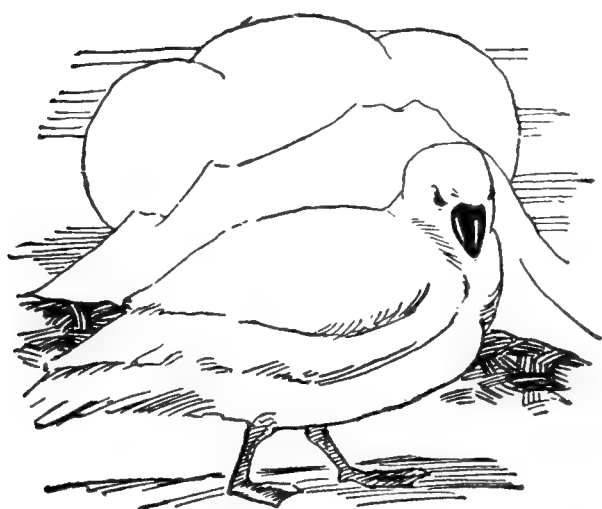
"Now!" She Exlcaimed, Giving His Ear a Sound Box

The police woman went up to him and took him by the collar. She set him on his feet with a jerk and marched him over two hills before she let him go.

"Now!" she exclaimed, giving his ear a sound box, "You get out and don't you come back." And we may be sure that Stormy was glad enough to go.

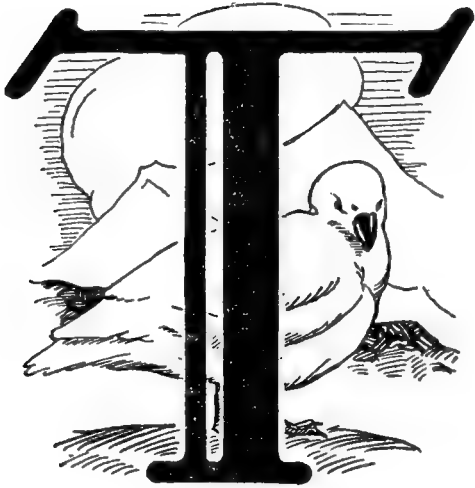
It would have been better for Mannie Penguin if Stormy had obeyed her orders and stayed away, but he didn't.

That night, in his own home, Mannie was thinking of the strange tales of this wanderer. "How fine it would be to go way out beyond the sunset and way over beyond the sunrise," he thought to himself. He sat there, and thought and thought and thought till his mother told him to go wash his feet and be off to bed.



Sheath Bill

SHEATHBILL, THE ROBBER



HE morning after Old Tramp Stormy Petrel had told the Penguin boys about his wonderful travels, Mannie Penguin stole out of bed very early and went out to watch the sun come up over the hills. His father and mother were out for their morning swim, so no one missed him. What a glorious morning it was! The mosses all sparkling with the morning mist, the white hill peaks just turning to red fire brands under the red glow of the morning sun, and the sun himself just coming over the hill, a great jolly giant!

“He said he’d been way over beyond where the sun rose,” said Mannie to himself. “That must be grand!” He stood for a moment and thought.

“I think I’ll just go to the top of that hill

over there," he said. "Perhaps I can see how far it is beyond the sun, and by and by, when I am bigger, I'll go right over there all the way."

He straightened up and marched along very dignified in his first trip away from the village. This went very well half way up the hill, but when he came to a place where the side of the hill seemed to cave in, and he was obliged to go down hill to get higher up, he tumbled awkwardly on his stomach and went tobogganing down to the bottom of the hollow. Then up he rose again and waddled on his way.

"It didn't seem such a long way just to the top of that hill," he mumbled as he trudged along. "I believe I am growing hungry already." But he was a persistent little fellow, and went trudging on till he came to another place to slide down, then down he went only to find a third place to climb. Whew! how tired his feet were by the time he reached the top of this hill! But when he came to the very crest he was no more able to see over the top than he had been



What a Glorious Morning It Was

before. Right before him towered a great wall straight up and down. So steep it was that he could neither climb up it, nor if he were able to do this would he have dared to toboggan down it. What was still worse, the red giant face of the sun had disappeared altogether, and the wind whistled round the rock dismally.

“How cold it is up here,” Mannie shivered.

But not to be beaten even at this, he started going along the edge of the cliff. “Surely

there's a door through somewhere," he said to himself, "or Stormy Petrel could never have gone round behind the wall to the place beyond the sun." So he plodded on and on, his feet growing more tired and getting hungrier at every stride. But, at last he came to a door right into the rock. But it had such a high door-sill that Mannie could not climb over it, try as he might. Three times he tried it, and at last slipped and slid a long way down the hill. But he was plucky and climbed all the way back again.

"There's a little ridge over there," he said, "I believe I can see over the door-sill and can tell what is beyond if I climb up there." Up he climbed, and then turned to look. He nearly fell over backward for fright at what he saw! But he steadied himself and looked again, and by this time he was so surprised that he could not have moved from the spot.

The door led into a broad hallway. It was a very wide door, and you could see about

all there was in the hall. It was the home of old robber Sheathbill! There was the bed he slept on, and there were his two white eggs. But the bad thing about his house was his bed. It was all made of the bones and skulls of little Penguin folks! He had discovered a real robber's den, and here he was just a little fellow and all alone! What should he do?

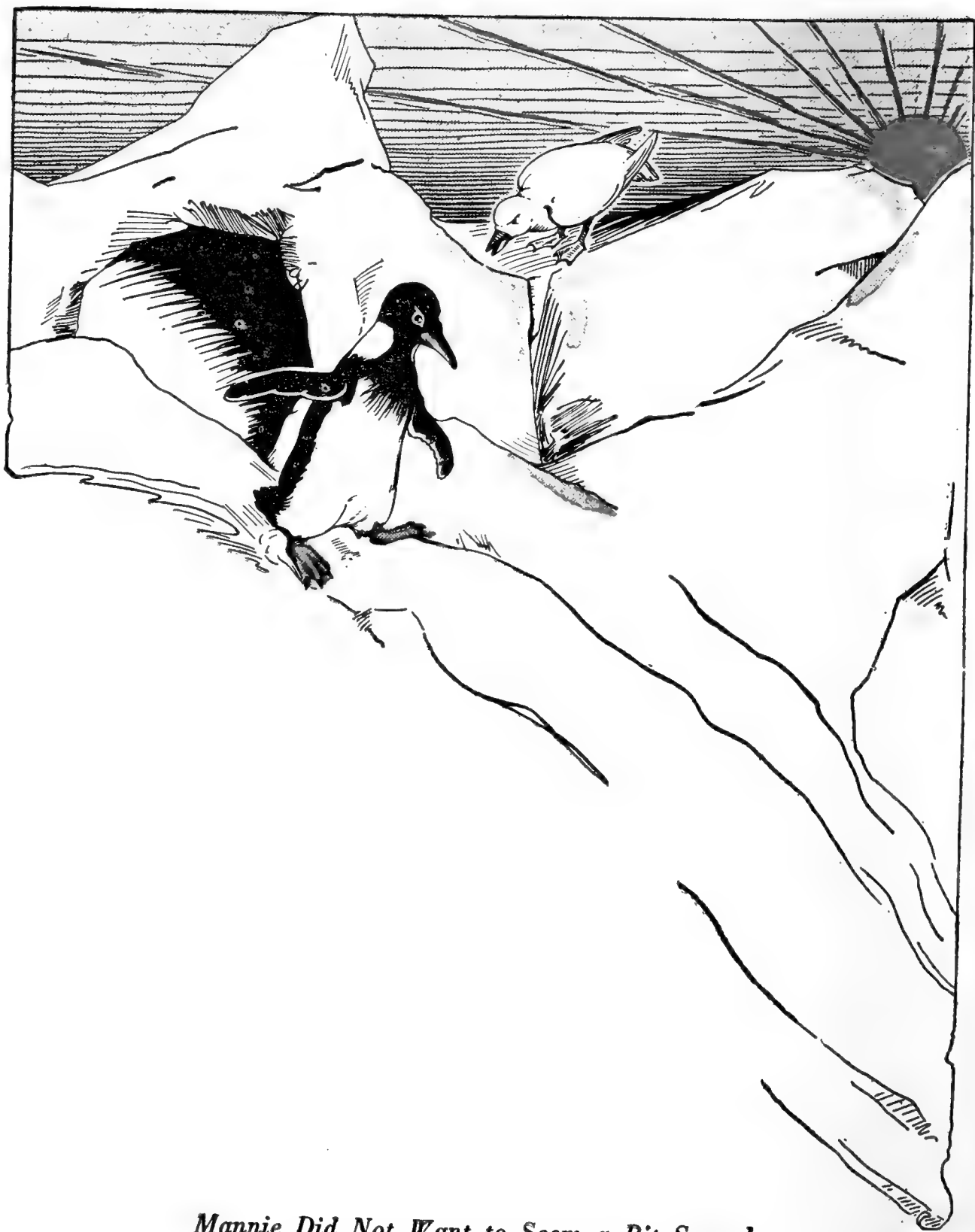
It was evident that he was not going to see the land beyond the sun this morning, even if it was only from the distant top of a hill. He had just come to this conclusion and was about to climb down from the little ridge and make for home as fast as his feet would carry him, when all at once he felt a cold shiver run down his back. A hoarse voice came over the next ridge. What an angry voice it was! He looked and there, looking at him with a wicked grin was the robber himself, not twenty feet away!

Mannie didn't want to seem a bit scared, so he turned and walked down the hill with all the dignity he could command. But it

wasn't much dignity after all, for his hands were shaking and his knees were trembling and he could feel the robber's eyes staring right down the middle of his back.

The old robber must have known this for in just a moment he charged right at Mannie, and if Mannie had not made a misstep and begun to slide, I am afraid the story would have ended right here, and the old robber would have had more bones to add to his nest. But Mannie began to slide, he tried to hold himself but he couldn't, so down, down he went, sometimes head over heels, and sometimes back side first, and sometimes on his nose, but always tumbling and sliding, ziz, ziz, ziz—how he did go! The old robber followed him for a distance, but it wasn't a bit of use. Mannie was traveling far too fast for him! He wasn't able to catch Mannie at all. So he turned back hoping to catch Mannie another time.

“Ug! Gup!” All of a sudden Mannie tumbled right into something. That something



Mannie Did Not Want to Seem a Bit Scared

happened to be the stomach of an Emperor Penguin. I forgot to tell you that not only Mannie's father was called Emperor, but all of Mannie's folks, both men and women.

"Excuse me," said Mannie. But the Emperor was far too much out of wind to say anything, so Mannie hurried to join a group of boys and lost himself from the Emperor's sight. "He might be a bit angry when he get's his breath," he thought to himself. "But I wonder how I got to our village by sliding straight down the hill? When I climbed up the hill I went over two ridges to reach the top."

But he was too hungry to bother his head about that very long. His breakfast must be cold by this time. He would hurry right over to that house with three red stones on one side, and three white stones and a red on the other. But where was it, which way should he go? He decided to go right through the town and look both ways. This did no good. "I'll just

have to go up one street and down another till I come to it," he said to himself. This would take a long time, but there was nothing else for it. He was sorry he had ever ventured forth to find the land beyond the sun. But up this street and down that one he tramped, thinking every moment he would come to his own home. Up and down, up and down, till his feet hurt more than ever, but at last he came out at the other edge of the town and never a look at his own home had he had.

"What am I to do?" he asked himself, "I'm very hungry and,—" Just then he caught sight of a Mrs. Penguin coming from fishing, with a splendid fish in her basket. "I believe that is my own mother!" he exclaimed, and went toddling after her asking for his breakfast. But was it his mother? It is very easy to think most any good woman is your mother in Penguin Land when you are very hungry.

TO CATCH SHEATHBILL



OTHER, mother, I'm hungry. Give me my breakfast," cried Mannie Penguin, as he ran after the large Mrs. Penguin with the fish in her basket.

"You run away, little fellow, I'm not your mother," smiled the large Mrs. Penguin.

But Mannie did not run away; he followed right on her heels and kept crying, "Give me my breakfast. I am your child. I am Mannie Penguin. Give me my breakfast."

But the lady only laughed loud and long, and called back at him, "Go hunt your own mother. I am not your mother."

But Mannie was too hungry to go hunting anyone else. Was not here a fine mother with a large fish? And did she not look like the



Was Not Here a Fine Mother With a Large Fish?

mother who had always fed him? Why, then, should he run away to hunt some mother who, perhaps, had no fish after all? So on and on he ran, chasing the lady with the basket faster and faster until she began to puff and puff, and was soon quite out of wind.

“Give me my breakfast,” said Mannie, coming up very close.

Now it is true that all Penguin people are very near-sighted, and when Mrs. Penguin sat down to rest she took a better look at Mannie. “Why!” she exclaimed, “if you don’t look for all the world like my little son.

I am so near-sighted that I really can't tell! So here is the fish even though you are not my son!"

Mannie ate the fish with great relish. But when this particular Mrs. Penguin returned to her home she found a hungry child waiting for her, and knew she had fed someone else's boy.

But when Mannie had eaten his breakfast and wandered back to the village to continue his search for the house with three red stones on one side and three white stones on the other, he at last sat down by the side of the street and began thinking of his adventure of the morning, of his narrow escape from old robber Sheathbill. It all seemed so real to him now that he began to bug his eyes out in fright at the thought of so narrow an escape.

"Hello, and what are you bugging your eyes out so about?" asked a policeman who came along just then.

Mannie was startled at the policeman's question, but decided to tell the truth.

"Why," he said, wiggling his arms and

feeling very nervous, "I was just thinking of something I saw up on the hill this morning."

"And what was that?" asked the policeman resting his club on his knee.

"It wasn't much of anything," said Mannie modestly, "I just saw a robber's den with some bones of little Penguin folks in it, and a great many eggshells, and by and by the robber, old Sheathbill came along and chased me. I slipped and came sliding down here, that's all."

"What's that?" asked the policeman's son, who was standing near him. "What's that, you saw a robber's den and the robber chased you?"

"What's that?" demanded a short chubby little Adelie Penguin before Mannie had had time to reply. "You saw a robber's den and the robber, old Sheathbill, chased you?"

"What's that?" called a short boy, in knee pants, the Adelie Penguin's son, "you saw a robber and he chased you?"

So many of them asking him questions all at once confused Mannie so very much that he

could not answer any of them. And all the time, more and more people were gathering around him and all talking at once. They asked questions of one another and of him, and made such a hub-bub that in just a few moments the whole town was talking about it. Grown people and children were calling at the top of their voices. He could hardly have created a greater excitement if he had announced that the whole town was to be attacked by a great band of robbers at the very next moment.

But it was not much to be wondered about that his discovery had created such a commotion, for this very robber had done great damage to this very village. Many a Penguin mother was childless because her egg had been stolen by this bold fellow, and those bones in his nest were the bones of children stolen from this very village.

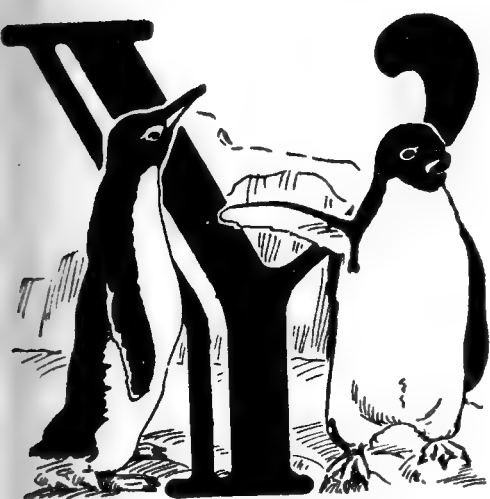
Mannie was led away by the Policeman to the Emperor, and in just an hour the whole

village was preparing to go to the top of the hill and destroy this bold robber and his home.

A very bold and imposing company they made, too, as they marched along all in good order. First, there were the Policemen, and then the Emperors, then the wives of policemen and emperors, then all the children of this part of the village. After these came the hundreds and hundreds of dutchy little Adelie Penguins, followed by their wives and children. Of course, it was not expected that these little people would do much fighting, but they would come in handy if it was necessary to lay siege to the place, for they could dig trenches and build stone walls.

“We’ll catch him!” shouted the Policemen. “We’ll catch him!” answered the emperors. “We’ll catch him!” echoed the chubby little Adelie Penguins. “We will, we will!” shouted all the women and children in a chorus, and so they marched along with Mannie in the front row showing them the way.

INTO THE ROBBER'S DEN



YOU couldn't keep an army of Penguins quiet if they were stealing upon a fortress in the dead of the night. Up the hill they marched singing, shouting and singing again, making enough noise to frighten a lot of robbers. And always marching along in front, making as much noise as the rest, was Mannie, feeling very keenly his importance as guide to the whole party.

At last they reached the top of the hill, and Mannie pointed out to them the hole in the wall and the high doorstep in front.

"Now," said the policeman very bravely, "we will all march up close to the door. Then I will go up and knock. If he answers, I will call upon him to come out and fight. If he does not answer, I'll climb over his high door-

sill and go right in. But you must be all ready to follow me and back me up. There might be a whole band of robbers in the cave."

"We'll follow you," shouted the other policemen. "We'll come right after you," shouted the short dutchy Adelie Penguins; "We'll be right there," shouted all the women and children in a chorus, as they moved close up to the doorstep in solid ranks.

Rap, rap, rap! went the policeman's club on the door-sill, but there came no answer. Rap, rap, rap! it went louder than before, but still no answer. RAP, RAP, RAP! louder than ever, but still no answer.

"I'll have to go in and bring him out," whispered back the policeman. "Be ready!"

"All right. All right," whispered the others in one breath.

The policeman made a sudden rush and started over the sill. Just when he was about to tumble over inside his foot slipped and back he came tumbling head over heels, and right

into the crowd he rolled knocking them down like so many ten-pins. In a moment all was confusion and the Penguin army was tobogganing head over heels to the bottom.

"Halt! Halt!" shouted the policeman, who had gotten on his feet at last. "You're a foolish army I must say!" he exclaimed, as they turned about and clambered back upon their feet as best they could.

"Did you see him?" exclaimed the other policemen. "Did he attack you?" asked the chubby Adelie Penguin. "How did he look? How did he look?" called all the women and children in a chorus.

But the policeman was too much annoyed to answer any of their questions. He just ordered them all back up the hill again. And soon he was ready to try climbing over the door-sill once more. But again he slipped, and again sent Penguins spinning in every direction. But this time they were much braver and held



In a Moment All Was Confusion

their ground. A third time he attempted it and again went rolling.

“Foolish!” exclaimed a chubby little Adelie Penguin. “Where did you see the den?” He turned to Mannie. Now! it is true that though the Adelie Penguins are very short and much smaller than the Emperor, yet there are no braver little people in the world, and none so impatient of delay.

“Right over there on that ridge,” Mannie shivered a bit at the thought of his experience. “You can see right into the den from there.”

He had hardly finished speaking when the chubby fellow was stomping stolidly up the ridge and that without orders from the big policeman.

“Here! Come back there!” shouted the policeman. But the little fellow never stopped; right up the ridge he went, and if he had been charging right into the cannon’s mouth I doubt if he would have hesitated a moment.

Right to the top of the ridge he marched.

Then up on his feet he stood, and in a moment began to wave his arms and speak. But no one understood what he said, for he had hardly opened his mouth when up flew his feet and down he went ker-flop, and like an arrow he shot right down the ridge. But he didn't go the way Mannie went. He shot right down toward the robber's den! He struck the door-sill with a flop and a bounce! Right over into the den he tumbled!

Then what a shouting and screaming there was! "The robber will hurt him!" shouted all the Penguins. But ten other Adelie Penguins, in spite of the danger, began stolidly climbing the ridge. And in just a moment, bravely, without a tremble, they threw their feet in the air, and went tumbling all ten right into the robber's den just as their companion had done. How the other Adelie Penguins cheered. But, the Emperor policemen, not to be outdone, marched up the hill and took the slide too. And in just a few moments there were so many

people in the robber's den that they could hardly turn about.

And what do you suppose they found? Nobody home! Nobody home at all for the old robber had heard them coming up the hill and had made his safe escape. But there was his bad bed made of little Penguin bones and egg-shells. They took his bed and his own eggs as well, and they buried the bones of the little Penguins, then they marched in triumph down the hill.

It had been a great day in Penguin Land, even though they had not captured old robber Sheathbill, their ancient enemy. Let us hope that they may be more successful in the future, for he is really a very bold, bad fellow.

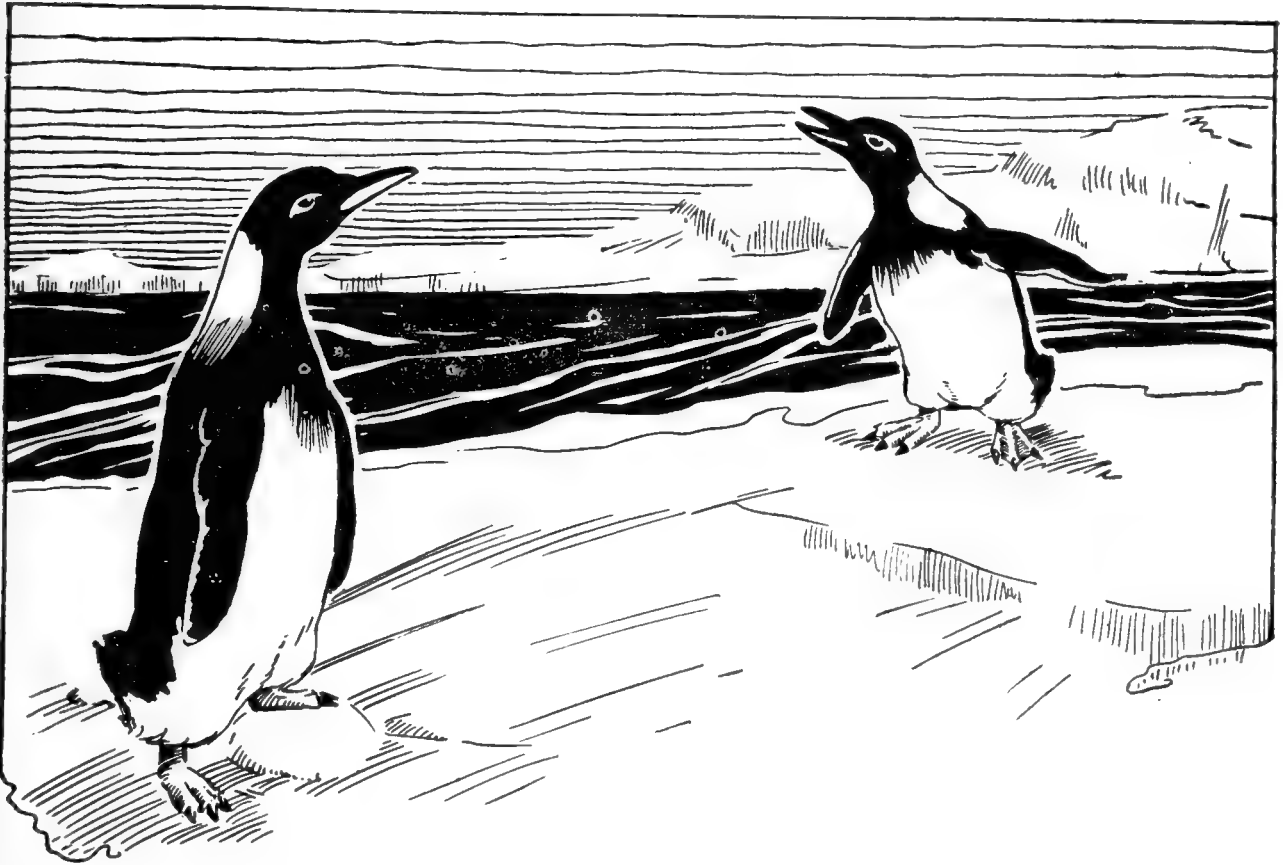


THE STRANGE MOTHERS

“OH my! I want my mother, I do!” called Mannie Penguin, standing first on one foot and then on the other, and at last toppling over in a heap on the ice.

It's all right for little folks to be wandering about all by themselves when the sun is shining brightly. They feel safe enough then and quite happy, but when the long shadows begin to stretch and stretch and stretch across the ice, and it's getting dark, dark, dark, then they begin to think of their mothers, if they have any, and Mannie had one. He knew he did. If he only could find her.

“Here, I'll be your mother,” whispered a big motherly Penguin. Mannie looked at her and didn't say anything. He didn't really know whether she was his mother. He only knew that her house did not have three red stones on the lower side, and three white ones



"There, I'll Be Your Mother," Whispered a Big Motherly Penguin

on the upper side. He was very much bewildered, and so unhappy! Where could that house be anyway? He had hunted all morning for it when the sun was shining brightly. What could be the use of looking for it now?

He didn't have long to think of it, for the motherly Penguin seized him and dragged him up under her warm gown with his feet on top of her broad feet. It did feel good to be off from the cold, cold ice, and he was half in mind

to sit right still and go to sleep, just as he always had done with his really-truly mother.

But he was not allowed to do that, for the moment the other childless Penguins saw what had happened there was an-uproar. We know that the old robber had stolen many eggs from this Penguin town, and had caught some of the little folks that lived there, so that there were very many childless mothers. And there are no more motherly people in the world than these very Penguin women. If they have no child of their own they are altogether too willing to take some other person's child to nurse. That was just where the trouble arose and things indeed went very bad for Mannie.

"You can't have him, you give him to me," said one motherly old dame.

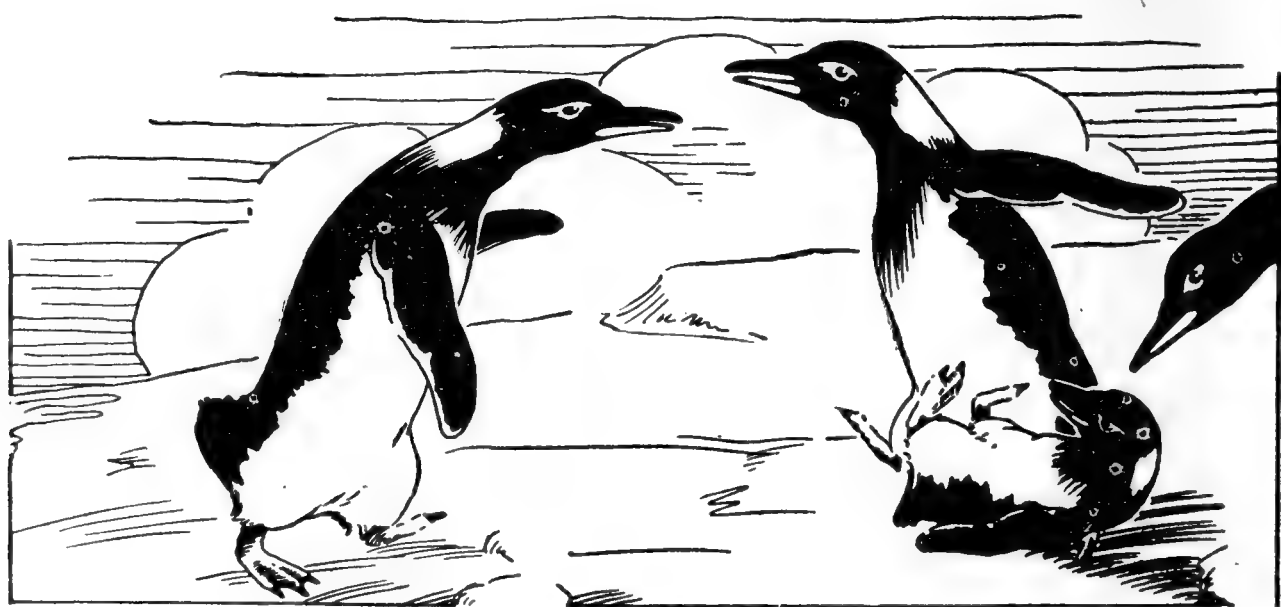
"I won't, he's mine," said the one which was holding him, poking her nose at the other. That was a sign for battle, and in a moment Mannie found himself tumbled out on the ice,

while the two dames went at one another flipper and beak in a very savage fashion.

“Come here, I’ll take care of you,” whispered a third dame, pushing Mannie before her out of the fray. Mannie did not know that this arrangement would only get him into further trouble, as he was very young and could not be expected to reason that out.

When the other Mother Penguins saw this they were upon the third dame in a trice. And so it went on until there were no less than fifteen trying to win the care of Mannie. A dame would stand up straight and swing her arm for a blow, when someone behind her would strike her over the head, and down she would tumble. It was indeed one of the strangest things that ever happened in a peaceful Penguin village. Mannie, as soon as he could, ran away from all those fighting birds to escape being torn almost to pieces by their loving embraces.

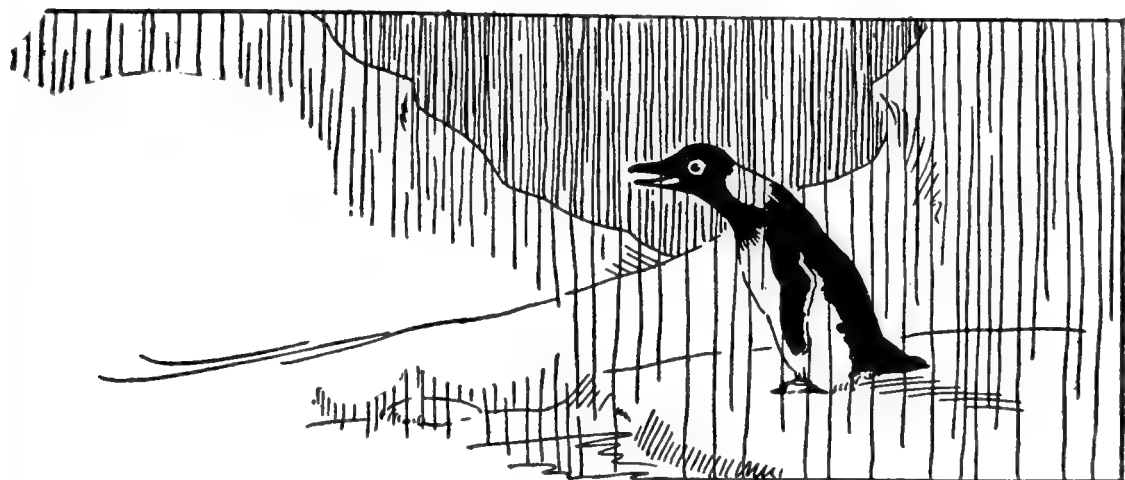
“Where am I, and where shall I go?” cried



And in a Moment Mannie Found Himself Tumbled on the Ice

the poor little fellow, as he came out into the dark. "I want my mother, I do!"

Well, it was very cold so he had to keep moving to keep himself warm. He went away and away from the village, over one little hill and another little hill, and good enough! He came to another Penguin town. And as he looked closely, it seemed to him that it looked very much more like the town in which he was born than the one he had just left. He began wandering up the streets in the moonlight, and joy of joys! He came right to the house where



"I Want My Mother, I Do!"

there were three little red stones on the lower side and three little white ones on the upper side, and there sleeping all alone was someone whom he knew was his very own mother! He just crept right into bed without waking her up and was fast asleep in a jiffy.

Next morning he had many strange things to tell the people of his own town; the finding of the robber's den, and the strange Penguin town, and all about the finding on the robber's den, and all about how he had been treated by the mother Penguins in that strange town.

The mothers of his own village were very indignant to think that any child should be treated as he had been by the dames of that other town, and were for going right over and punishing them good. But when they went to the Emperor to see what he thought about it, he said;

“They did just what you would have done in the same circumstances! They acted just as Penguin women always do! You’d better all run home and forget about it!”

They didn’t thank him for this advice, but after all, they saw the wisdom of it, so they went waddling off each one to her own home, leaving Mannie to get over his hurts as best he might, and his mother to mend his clothes. But you may be sure it was some time before Mannie went over the hills again to see what the land was like beyond the sun.

THE SEA LEOPARD



ALL the bright, golden snowflakes which flew to the sky and stayed twinkling there all night had faded away, and it was morning again.

“A very bright morning, very bright indeed!” said Mannie Penguin, tightening the string to his bathing suit. Mannie was very happy, and well he might be, for at last his bathing suit was finished, and his mother had said he might try it out that very day, so he gave a hop and a skip and turned a back somersault, as he tobogganed down a slippery hill.

But Mannie wasn't quite as happy as he would have been if he had not tried going away from home all by himself before. He didn't feel quite certain about things, but when he caught sight of the water, all blue and white

in the morning light, and touched with gold here and there, he could not resist running right to it, and plunging in without one care. Then away he went diving, dipping, swimming to his heart's content. There's nothing the Penguin folks like better than swimming. They cannot fly, so they can go faster through the water than any other way. Mannie did not have to learn. He just knew how, that was all, and I am quite sure he never stopped one second to question how he came by all this good fortune. For I am sure we could not help counting it a very good fortune, after all the times we have gotten water into our eyes and ears and noses trying to learn.

Here and there Mannie came upon other young Penguin people swimming about in the water. They were all young folks like Mannie. The older folks were having new bathing suits made. Their old ones were old and ragged, so there was nothing for them to do but mope about home until the new ones were finished.

Mannie felt sorry for them when he thought about it, but he was mostly too much taken up with his own joy at being able to swim to think much about it. Anyway, he paddled away and away, and very soon he found himself quite far from anyone, over among some great icebergs which floated about in the water, a great many more of them being under the water than on top. Mannie liked them, they seemed so huge and good-natured, and so silent. The sun shone on their sides, and painted one side pale yellow, while the other side was left deep purple shadows where there might be almost anything hidden, but where there was probably just nothing at all.

Mannie was fancying all sorts of things about these great bergs, when all of a sudden he heard a swish, swish in the water. He looked about quickly, and something told him that the person he saw was a very dangerous fellow. That something was an instinct, I think, for hundreds of years the Penguin folks have been

afraid of Mr. Sea Leopard. He has been one of their worst enemies. And just now he was coming right at Mannie, his rows and rows of sharp teeth gleaming wickedly in the sun.

“Save me! Save me!” called Mannie to the great icebergs.

But the icebergs were as silent as ever and seemed to offer no assistance at all. They seemed farther away, too, and Mannie felt he could never reach one before the monster would swallow him up. He must try though, so bravely he struck out.

Swish, swish went old Sea Leopard's paddles in the water. Never was there a land leopard in the world more dangerous than he. Never did little young Penguin swim more bravely than Mannie. But he could see that it was not going to be a bit of use to try to reach the friendly old bergs for, swim as he might, they seemed to go back farther and farther in the distance. Closer and closer came the leopard. Now Mannie could hear his hoarse gurgle

as he swam. But suddenly a little cake of ice appeared in the water. It wasn't more than ten feet square and not thick above the water at all.

"If I can only reach that!" panted Mannie, as he put forth all his effort. And just before the leopard reached him he climbed panting onto the ice and was safe.

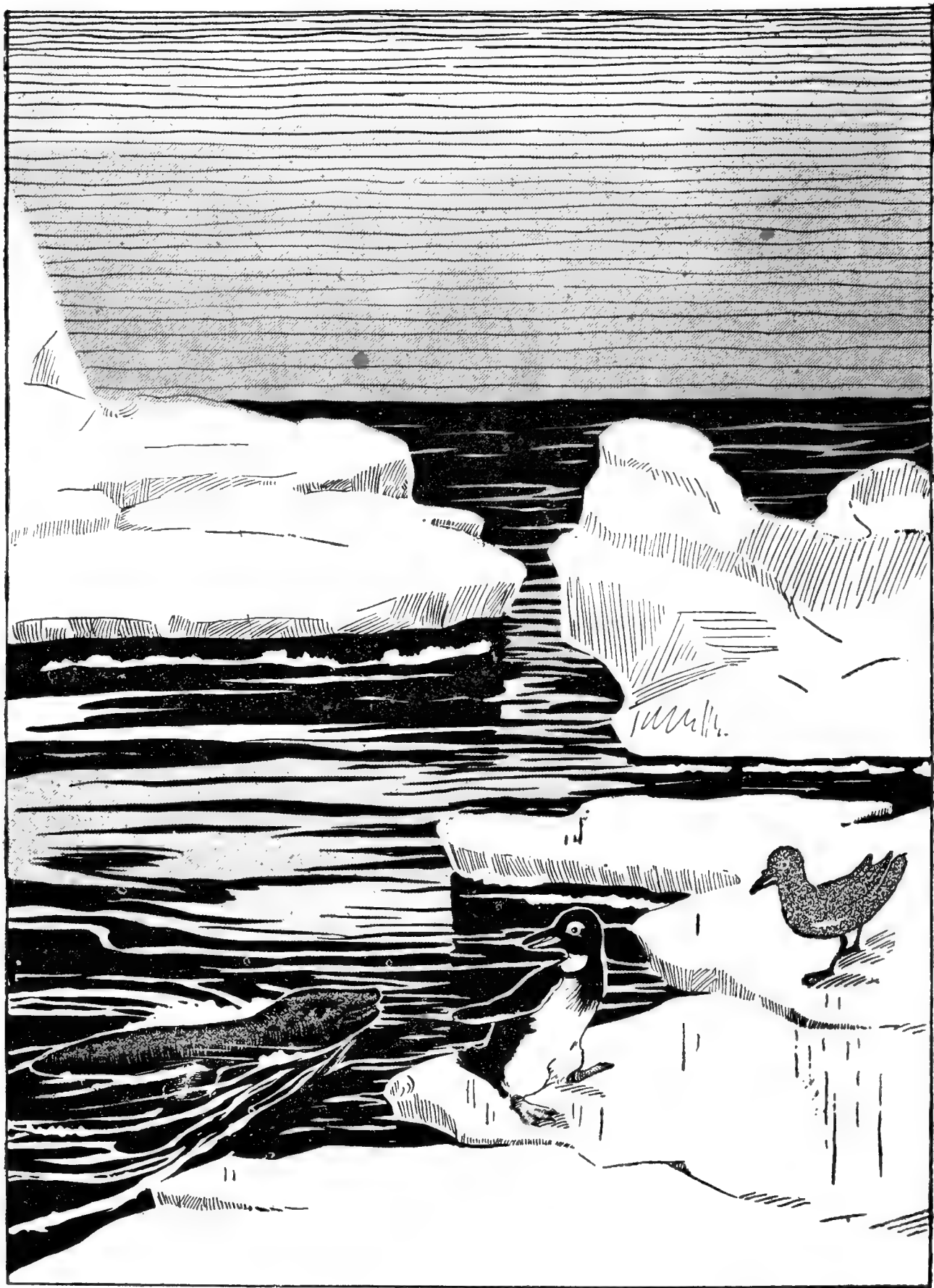
"Why, hello!" said a voice right beside him. He nearly fell into the sea again.

"Why, why," he stammered, "it's Stormy Petrel."

"Yes, that's who it is," said the other, moving along on the cake of ice. "That was a narrow escape. Why didn't you fly?"

"Our folks don't fly," said Mannie sorrowfully, at the same time wondering how he was going to get back to land and to his home.

"Well, now, I call that too bad," said Stormy, sympathetically. He spoke twice for himself and once for Mannie, for he had hoped very much that here at last was the very boy

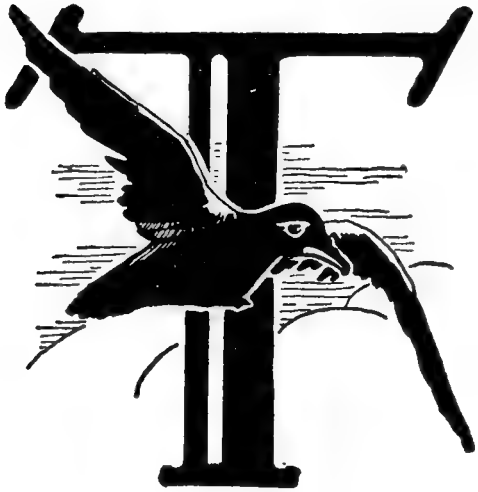


And Just Before the Leopard Reached Him He Climbed Panting Onto the Ice

he wanted for a traveling companion. But if he couldn't fly, why what use could he be to him? So Stormy stood on one foot dejectedly, and leaned against a little pile of ice, looking for all the world as if he had lost his last friend, while Manny thought and thought how he was ever going to get back to land and away from this terrible water which had seemed so grand to him but an hour before.



OLD GIANT WHALE



HE little cake of ice rocked slowly up and down with the wash of little waves. Up and down it rocked, up and down, and Mannie had almost been rocked to sleep when Stormy Petrel moved over close to him.

"I wish," said Stormy, "that you could only fly so that I could show you a gay time." With that he nudged Mannie in the ribs and grinned gleefully, as any care-free tramp might.

Mannie didn't like being nudged. He wasn't used to it. When Stormy said something else and nudged him again, he felt himself growing a bit angry.

"I don't like being nudged!" exclaimed Mannie, as he nudged Stormy in return so violently that Stormy quite lost his balance and went sprawling on the ice, for it is told



Stormy Quite Lost His Balance and Went Sprawling on the Ice

that there is no one in the world who is quite so good at that game of nudging as the Penguin people. Even Husky, the malamute dog, and the Geography man knew this to their sorrow.

“Beg your pardon, I didn’t mean,—” Mannie began.

“You did it on purpose,” growled Stormy, getting on his feet as best he could. But he had hardly managed this before he and Mannie both went sprawling. You might have thought there had been an earthquake if it had been on land. Such a shaking up as they received!

You might have guessed it was a giant wave that did it, if there had been a cloud in the sky but there was not.

“What did that?” Mannie asked, rubbing his knees and struggling to rise. But he was no more than half way on his feet than there came another shock and he almost tumbled into the sea.

“Be careful!” screamed Stormy. “That’s Old Giant Killer Whale. He’s trying to shake us off this cake of ice, and if he does he’ll eat us in a second’s time!”

“Old Giant Killer Whale!” Had not Mannie heard of this great monster? Hadn’t stories of his cruelty been often told in Penguin Town? Where was there anyone more to be feared? Would any danger on land drive one of his family to sea when they thought Killer Whale was about? And yet, here he was on a small cake of ice far, far from land and Killer Whale was coming up beneath the cake and trying to tumble him into the sea.

He didn't have long to think about it, for in just a second there came another shock, and down he went. Stormy had managed to get on his feet and spread his wings. Away he sailed high in the air, from which safe distance he shouted encouragement to his young companion. What a terrible experience it was! Now Mannie was on his feet and gaining in the hope that the monster was gone, but just then down he would go. Now he was standing on his head with the cake of ice standing on its edge in the water. Now he was on his back looking up into the blue sky where Stormy soars aloft. Now he was rolling over and over, and frantically waving his feet to get some hold on the slippery ice surface. It surely looked as if Mannie Penguin would be among the missing children of his little village, and that his family and friends would go back to their winter home mourning this happy little member of their family.

But suddenly, as he scrambled to his feet, Mannie discovered that one of the great friendly icebergs which had seemed so far away, now was quite close, very close indeed! The little waves had pushed his cake of ice closer and closer until it was hardly any distance at all. If he only could stay on the cake of ice a little longer, he might make a bold dash and be safe! So with good courage, he took the next tumble and held himself as near the center of the cake as possible. Now, in just a few moments he would come bumping against the iceberg and he would be safe. Now he could hear the wash of the waves against the berg. And now it seemed that he could almost touch it. But suddenly, as if realizing that he was about to lose his dinner, the great whale gave a terrible bump, and the little cake of ice split in two. Over tumbled Mannie into the dark waters almost within grasp of the cruel monster.

“Look out!” shouted Stormy, hovering near.

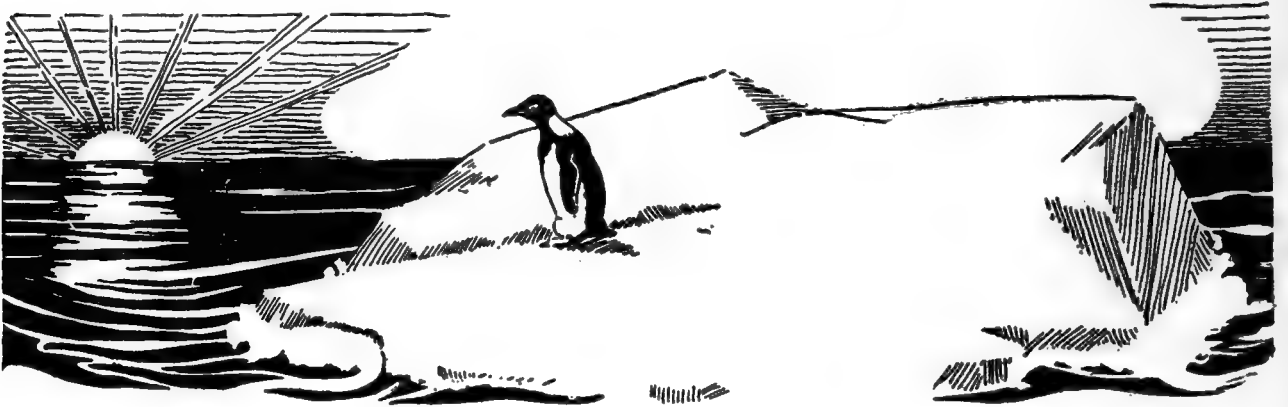
Mannie did act quickly. He gave three masterly strokes, and in just a second he was scrambling up the side of the iceberg, just as Killer Whale went ker-whack against it. Let us hope he hurt his nose and broke out half his cruel teeth. Anyway, Mannie was safe for the time, and he stopped to catch his breath and to look at the beautiful blue of the iceberg. No, it didn't make much difference to him whether this temporary home was all ice or not, for he had a warm bathing-suit and he was very chubby and fat, so he could stand the cold. And there never was a Killer Whale in the world who could even make this splendid berg so much as tremble. Yes, Mannie was safe for now, but there was no food to eat, and it was a long dangerous way home over the sea. Perhaps, too, the berg was drifting out to sea. What, after all, was to become of our young friend who was on his second adventure in the great wide world?

SAFE AT HOME

MANNIE PENGUIN did not know when he would get back to land from that iceberg which was floating out and out to sea. So he hoped that he would not be caught by old Killer Whale, or Great White Gull, the fierce pirate, or by a Sea Leopard. He watched the shore fade and fade, and every hour he grew more restless. Every hour he paced up and down on the iceberg, and every now and then he would climb to a high point to see how far he really was from his own dear home and every time he grew more alarmed. He was getting really very far from home for a young fellow who was just trying out his first bathing-suit, and had only that very morning taken his first swim. So he paced up and down faster and faster, and looked at the shore more and

more anxiously. But, at the same time, he did not dare go into the water to paddle home, for might not Killer Whale be just hiding behind some ice-cake to get him? And would he not swallow him at one big gulp? No, no, that would never do! At the same time, one could never expect his people to come after him in a skin canoe for they never had any such things. What could he do?

Well, by and by, the sun crept down to the very water's edge, then went down, down till he could not be seen any more, and then the golden snow-flakes took their places in the sky and twinkled, twinkled ever so brightly. They did cheer Mannie just a little bit, but it grew cold, oh, so cold! Mannie wished he was home in his own little bed with the covers all tucked in about him. And he began to grow very hungry, for he had been so eager to try his first swim that he had not waited for his break-



There Wasn't a Thing to Eat on the Iceberg

fast. He had had no dinner and no supper, and here it was way late at night. There wasn't a thing to eat on the iceberg, so what was he to do about that?

Well, at last Mannie became more brave.

"I might as well be caught at once by Killer Whale as to starve on this iceberg or be carried away to some strange land," he said to himself, as he stumped stoutly up and down.

"I just believe I am going to try to go home!" he exclaimed bravely, as he gathered in the corners of his bathing-suit and "splash" into the water he tumbled, and paddled bravely for shore.

But it was a long, long way, and every now and again something black whisked along behind him, which he was sure must be a terrible Killer Whale; then again, something white and spotted like a Sea Leopard went swish, swish behind him, while great white things skimmed along overhead, and they were Great White Ivory Gull pirates, he knew.

"I must keep going fast!" he breathed, looking over his shoulder, then holding his breath and paddling faster than ever.

Finally, when Mannie came close to land he imagined that old robber Sheathbill was waiting to catch him and he was almost afraid to go right to land. He was afraid to stay in the sea, and afraid to go ashore! But as nothing came after him in the sea, and as he swam the shore, he discovered that what looked like robbers were only bits of snow shining in the moonlight. And so, after all, it must have been

that there was nothing in the sea that night but little black-pointed waves and little white-crested ones, which Mannie took for Killer Whale and Sea Leopard, and there was no one in the sky but some innocent white clouds, which had gone scurrying along and had seemed like terrible pirates. But then, we must remember, that Mannie was very young, and it was night and he was far from home.

But at last he scrambled upon the shore and waddled home as fast as his legs could carry him. I don't know for sure, but I think his mother was waiting for him with the lamp burning low, and that she set a cold bite out for him and rubbed his bruised knees with seal-oil ointment, and tucked him into bed at last, just as any loving mother should. Anyway, he found himself snugly tucked in bed when the sun shone again next morning.

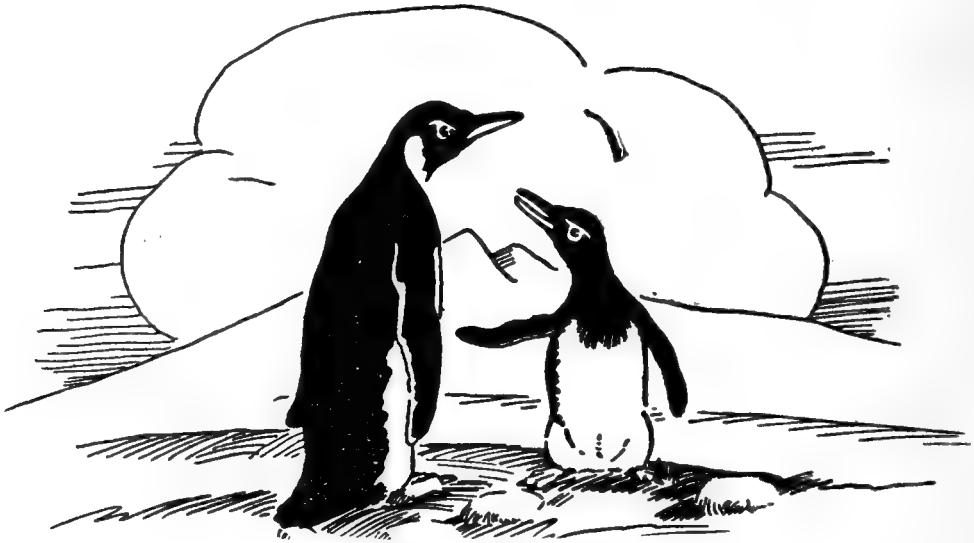
TO MIGRATE HOME



WELL, son," said Mannie Penguin's father, the old Emperor, after Mannie had had his breakfast, "now that you have tried twice going out to see the world for yourself, how do you like it?" His voice was kindly and not scolding a bit.

"I don't like it," said Mannie, speaking frankly, just as a son of an emperor should always speak.

"Well, then," said his father, "supposing you don't try it any more all by yourself. You must wait two weeks longer till all of our people have their bathing-suits done, then we will take a long journey to our home. Perhaps there won't be much adventure about that, but when we are all in our winter quarters and the autumn work is done, then you and I shall go



What Do You Think of That?

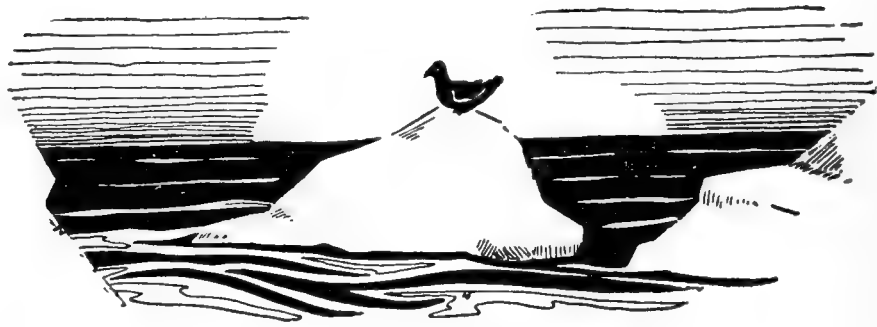
on many a long winter excursion. We can't leave this Antartic land of ours as Stormy Petrel can, but there are a great many beautiful and wonderful things to see in this land of ours. There are God's great moving pictures, the great ice-palaces, and many other things. What do you think of that?"

"I think that's wonderful!" exclaimed Mannie, turning a somersault in his delight.

Well, one fine autumn day, about the first of April, in this strange land, all the lady Penguins packed their best hats in band-boxes and gave the boxes to their sons to carry, and all the emperors packed their suit-cases and car-

ried them for themselves, and away they went marching toward the south, quite a stately procession of them, and all feeling very good about the move, though I am sure Mannie and some of his comrades were sorry at leaving such a comfortable town. But then, they would all be coming back to it in the next spring, and meanwhile how about those long adventurous journeys which all emperors and their sons take in the long glorious winter time? So they trudged gladly along, after all, and none was more stately and proud than Mannie as he trudged along beside his wise and dignified father, the Emperor.

In the distance, on a pinnacle of ice, sat a forlorn little figure. His chin was in his hand and his knees were crossed. He looked very much alone, indeed. It was old tramp, Stormy Petrel. He had no home and no family. There was no winter home for him and no summer home. He was a child of the wild sea wave. And he had known this little town of



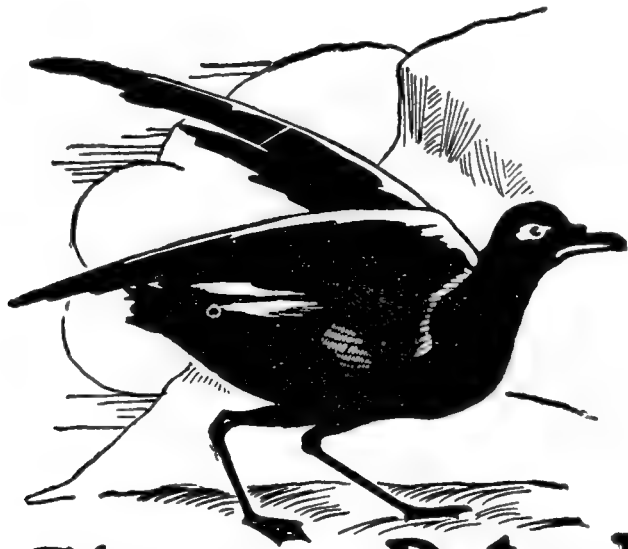
"Ah! Well," Said Stormy to Himself

people for a whole summer. He had thought about them a great deal, and who knows what he was thinking of now?

But Stormy is a stout-hearted little wanderer, so up he rose in the air in search of new fields when, joy of joys, he sighted a sail! It was the ship of the Geography man, who was going back to a land of real children of the human race. He was taking back a great many charts and maps and things to help their young minds with.

"And now I'll get to return to other seas in the wake of his boat!" exclaimed Stormy gleefully, as he speeded along.

He was soon under the lea of the bark and eating happily from the rich repast spread out for him by the sailors, who were overjoyed

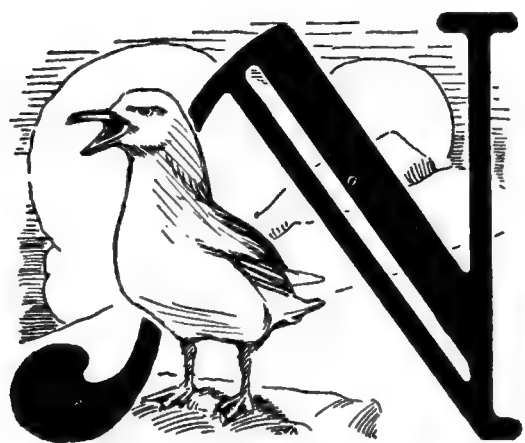


Stormy Petrel

at seeing him, for said they, "It foretells a safe journey home. We could never be wrecked by Mother Carey so long as he is with us, for what would become of her chicken?"

"Ah! well," said Stormy to himself, "I think there is a place in the world for all of us, though these slow-going, steady Penguin folks would hardly be willing to grant that there was any real place for me. Life in the town has its trials and so does life in the country, and so does life on the stormy sea, but there is happiness for all of us if we seek it in right places, but the stormy sea for me!"

At that, the Geography man's ship began to move away from the white Antartic land, and the land faded and faded from sight till there was nothing to be seen but the dark old ocean everywhere, and then the sailors and Stormy Petrel were happiest of all, for that was home to them.

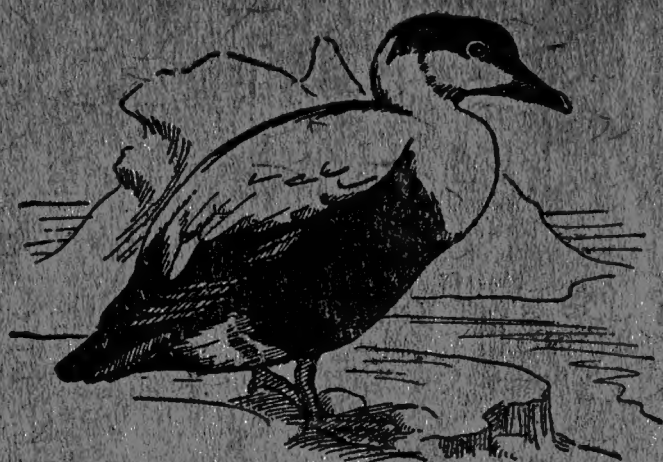


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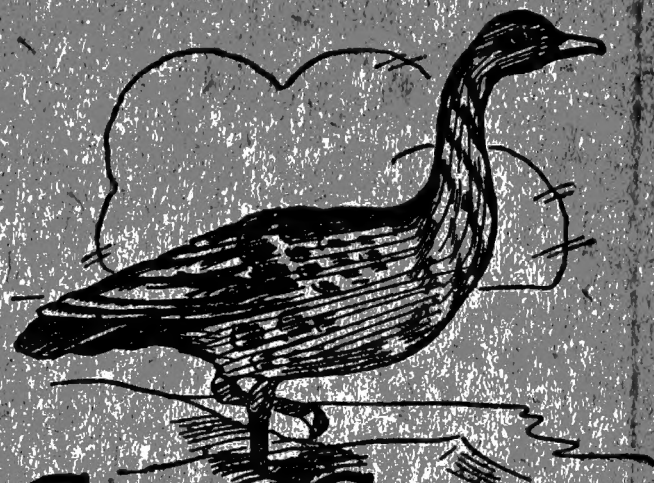


Penguin



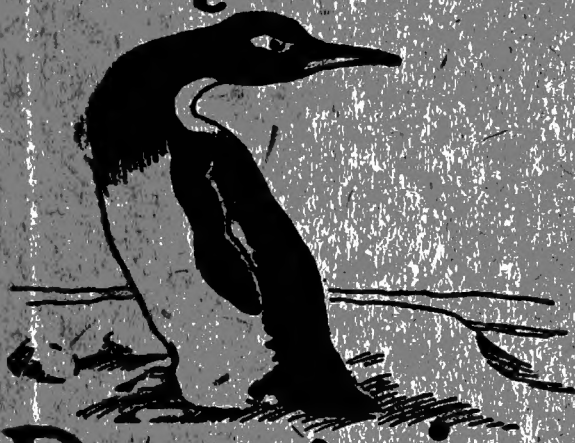


Stormy Petrel



Grey Goose

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